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## Selections.

### The Southern Press.

From the Memphis, Tri-Weekly Appeal.

#### MR. CLAY AND EMANCIPATION.

The Hon. HENRY CLAY has recently written a letter to Richard Pindell, Esq. on the subject of emancipating the slaves of Kentucky—a subject which has, for some years past, seriously occupied the minds of the good people of that State. The emancipation of the negro race from bondage has long been a favourite scheme with Mr. Clay—even from his first appearance on the stage of public life, to the present time. That some plan will soon be adopted by Kentucky to free herself from her coloured population, there is little doubt; and it is more than probable that the one recommended by her favourite son will be fixed upon. This proposes gradual emancipation and colonization. That a period be fixed "when all born after it should be free at a specified age, all born before it remain slaves for life." And this period, he suggests, "should be 1855 or even 1860."

He further says:

"Whatever may be the day fixed, whether 1855 or 1860 or any other day, all born after it, I suggest should be free at the age of twenty-five but be liable afterwards to be hired out, under the authority of the State, for a term not exceeding three years, in order to raise a sum sufficient to pay the expenses of their transportation to the colony and to provide them an outfit for six months after their arrival there.

"If the descendants of those who were themselves to be free, at the age of twenty-five, were also to be considered as slaves until they attain the same age, and this rule were continued indefinitely as to time, it is manifest that Slavery would be perpetuated instead of terminated. To guard against this consequence, provision might be made that the offspring of those who were to be free at twenty-five, should be free from their birth, but upon the condition that they should be apprenticed until they were twenty-one and be also afterwards liable to be hired out, a period not exceeding three years, for the purpose of raising funds to meet the expenses of the colony and their subsistence for the first six months."

And further, he says:

"Until the commencement of the system which I am endeavouring to sketch, I think all the legal rights of the proprietors of slaves, in in their fullest extent, ought to remain unimpaired and unrestricted. Consequently they would have the right to sell, devise, or remove them from the State, and, in the latter case, without their offspring being entitled to the benefit of emancipation, for which the system provides"

This latter suggestion is well calculated to recommend the plan to the adoption of the good people of Kentucky, who will not be slow to pour all those born before the time specified upon other Southern States, and to place their value in their pockets—and this, no doubt, will also be dignified with the name of *philanthropy*. There is little in the plan of Mr. Clay that is new, and much that might be considered objectionable: among other features that just alluded to, which not only perpetuates the Slavery of a portion, but embitters that Slavery by a separation from their friends and kindred, and a severance of all those social ties which even slaves feel in common with others of the human species—at least to some extent. This remark is made upon the supposition that *philanthropy*, and regard to the wishes and feelings of the slave, himself, form a part of the object of Mr. Clay. Upon the same supposition, we would suggest the possibility of the slave objecting to the system of colonization proposed; he might not approve being sent out of a country with the manners, customs and laws of which he is somewhat acquainted, and into one of which he is profoundly ignorant upon these subjects; from a country to the climate of which his system and habits have become adapted, to one with the climate of which he is unaccustomed, and which may bring disease and death to thousands.

It is no portion of the plan, however to consult the slave as to the manner of its progress and consummation. Under colour of an enlarged philanthropy, a sacred regard for the principle of universal freedom, and as an act of sheer justice to the African race, the interests of the white man are the main objects to be consulted in the proposed movement. It is altogether an *ex parte* procedure, the slave having as little to do in the act which emancipates him, as he had in that which doomed him to bondage, But what kind of freedom is proposed—absolute, or conditional? It cannot be absolute, because the law which declares the negro to be a *free* man, makes him as much a slave as before its passage in one of its dearest and most estimable attributes; the privilege of selecting his home. Deprive him of this, prescribe *where* he is to go, and *when*, and the freedom with which you would endow him becomes a mockery, and exists only in name. It may be deemed a sufficient answer to this to say that it is the *best kind* of freedom which the circumstances will admit of, and in this light Mr. Clay evidently considers it.

If the matter of emancipation is determined on, we agree with him that colonization should follow it. We agree with him that "one hundred and ninety odd thousand blacks, composing about one-fourth of the entire population of the State, with their descendants, could never live in peace, harmony and equality with the residue of the population." We agree with him, in short, and if they *are* to be emancipated, they should be sent out of the country; but we are far from seeing the necessity for emancipation, and farther still that the negro would be benefitted by it; indeed, we believe, that four-fifths of them would prefer remaining as they are, than to accept freedom on the terms proposed.

In addition to the motive of the benevolence and humanity to the slave, Mr. Clay appeals very powerfully to that of self-interest, and to the uncertainty of the tenure by which slaves are held in that State on account of the facilities enjoyed of their escaping into Ohio, and other free States which lie upon her borders. But hear him:

Among other considerations which unite in recommending to the State of Kentucky a system for the gradual abolition of Slavery is that arising out of her exposed condition, affording great facilities to the escape of her slaves into the free States and into Canada. She does not enjoy the security which some of the slave States have, by being covered in depth by two or three slave States, intervening between them and free States. She has a greater length of border on free States than any other slave State in the Union. That border is the Ohio River, extending from the mouth of Big Sandy to the mouth of the Ohio, a distance of near six hundred miles, separating her from the already powerful and growing States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Vast numbers of slaves have fled from most of the counties in Kentucky from the mouth of Big Sandy to the mouth of the Miami, and the evil has increased and is increasing. Attempts to recover the fugitives lead to the most painful and irritating collisions. Hitherto countenance and assistance to the fugitives have been chiefly afforded by persons in the State of Ohio; but it is to be apprehended, from the progressive opposition to Slavery that, in progress of time, similar facilities to the escape of slaves will be found in the States of Indiana and Illinois. By means of railroads, Canada can be reached from Cincinnati in a little more than twenty-four hours.

This inducement to emancipation is unworthy of Henry Clay; it is nothing more nor less than an acknowledgement of inability on the part of the slave States to defend their rights, interests and institutions against the aggressions of the free States; a truckling to Northern fanaticism and ambition, and a willingness to surrender all that is demanded, rather than strike a blow in its defence. He proposes to sell and manumit the slaves of Kentucky, because the people of certain free States lying upon her borders steal them, or assist them in running away from their owners. Would it not be more consistent with the chivalry of his character, and the State of a citizen to resist these aggressions? The constitution of the United States provides a remedy for absconding slaves, and the laws prescribe adequate pains and penalties against those who steal them. Let Kentucky rely upon the one, and appeal to the other. Let her unite in the common cause of the South, in repelling these aggressions, rather than tamely yield to them; the slave States are strong enough to protect their constitutional rights and domestic institutions, if they are only united among themselves.

Has Mr. Clay reflected that the same reasons which influenced him to recommend emancipation to Kentucky, already exist, to some extent, in Tennessee? She, too, is contiguous to several free States; and, after Kentucky shall have gotten rid of her slaves and become a free State will be as much "exposed" from that State, as she is now from Ohio. We will suppose Tennessee to act upon the same inducement which is now held out to Kentucky, then Alabama becomes "exposed" on her northern line, and Florida upon hers. Mississippi will also feel the influence of this *defensive* manumitting spirit and communicate it to Louisiana. Neither will Virginia or North Carolina escape; they, too, will be bounded to some extent, in the "exposed" condition referred to by Mr. Clay; so also will be Georgia and South Carolina, and thus, by the argument of Mr. Clay, the institution of Slavery would cease to exist, and yield, in time, in these States, not to the interests or moral sense of their citizens, but to northern despotism.

We think we have legitimately and fairly carried out the position of Mr. Clay, and in doing so have demonstrated its utter selfishness, disloyalty to the South, and want of patriotism. He says that "Kentucky being essentially a farming State, slave labour is less profitable. If, in most of the other slave States they find that labour more profitable, in the culture of the staples of cotton and sugar, they may conceive a reason in that feeling for continuing Slavery, which cannot be expected should control Kentucky, as to what may be fitting and proper for her interests." "*If*" slave labour is more profitable in the staple States? Mr. Clay knows they cannot do without it—it would be absolute ruin to their interests. *They may continue it!* How? Mr. Clay has himself shown that Kentucky ought to manumit her slaves because she is bounded by free States the citizens of which will either steal or harbour them—or both; and we have shown that the same reason would induce all other slave States to do the same thing. Besides, should Kentucky adopt the plan proposed by him, how long would it be before every northern State in the Union, emboldened by this desertion of her southern sisters, and the consequent reduction of their moral and physical weight, would follow the example of New York, in refusing to surrender fugitive slaves? How long would it be before Slavery in the District of Columbia would be abolished, and the constitutional rights, as well as interests of the slave States utterly disregarded, and trodden under foot? The period would not be distant when such a state of things would exist; and that period, would also, in all probability, be marked with a dissolution of this Union. These things would not be borne silently and without opposition, there would still be left southern States who would perish by institutions guarantied by the constitution, rather than surrender them to fanaticism backed by ambition, and upheld by avarice.

Upon the *motives* of Mr. Clay we shall offer little remark. He may still have an eye to the Presidency—or he may only be governed by an enlarged general philanthropy in regard to the condition of the African race, and a *special* regard for the interests of Kentucky. But of one thing we feel well assured, that the plan he proposes will have a greater tendency to weaken the bonds of union—already weak enough, heaven knows—between the North and the South, than any other which has yet been suggested.

The signs of the times authorize the conclusion that not only Kentucky, but Missouri, Maryland and Delaware, also entertain serious intentions to get rid of their slave population before many years—This, by adding four to the free States would make their number nineteen, and reduce the number of slave States to eleven. It will not be long before Minesota will come into the Union, which will also be a free State; add two other free States from the Oregon territory, and there will then be a sufficient number of free States to call a convention for the purpose of altering the constitution. Does any one doubt that this will be done so soon as the free States have a majority of two-thirds? And *can* any one doubt—with the vast and continually accumulating evidences of hostility to the institution of Slavery on the part of the free States—that the main object for calling the convention will be so to alter the constitution as to prohibit the existence of Slavery in any of the States? This may not be Mr. Clay's motive for converting Kentucky into a free State, as the period is too remote to affect him personally; but that the elements are now, and have been for some time at work to bring about this result, is abundantly manifest to all who have bestowed attention upon the subject. Under this state of things, surrounded with difficulties, and menaced with dangers which will increase with every revolving year, it behoves the South to "be up and doing," and make herself felt while she has the power to do so. We have in previous numbers suggested a practicable course for her to pursue; a peaceful remedy for all grievances one that will not only arrest the mad spirit which is abroad, and which has for its object to oppress and crush her, but will afford her entire security for the future. We allude, of course, to the suspension of commercial intercourse with the North, and the passage of stay laws to enable our merchants to form business relations through southern channels.

This article has already reached a greater length than we at first intended to make it; but long as it is, we cannot close it without saying something about the duty of the southern slave States, under the circumstances. The propriety of their legislatures passing laws prohibiting the introduction of slaves from other States with a view to their sale, under the severest pains and penalties is too obvious to require insisting upon. If Kentucky, and other slave States are bent upon an act which cannot but be deeply injurious to the South in a political point of view, it is surely not the part of wisdom for that section to aid and abet them in its accomplishment; and least of all should the South desire *upon any terms* and increase of her coloured population in view of a determination on the part of the North, to confine it within narrow and dangerous limits.

From the same.

MR. CLAY'S EMANCIPATION LETTER—NASHVILLE BANNER.—It affords us no little pleasure to observe that the editor of the *Nashville Banner* regards, as we do, the proposition to emancipate the slaves of Kentucky as one fraught with present injury to the balance of the slave States of the South, by crowding a large portion of her black population upon them, and much prospective danger, as tending to weaken the bond which has heretofore bound them together in a common interest, and common cause against the aggressions of the North. In reply to that part of Mr. Clay's letter which *intimates* that whether a free or slave State, Kentucky will still preserve her loyalty to the South, the editor says:

Let the power of the South, too, once be fairly broken—let it be manifest that upon all questions she can be voted down, and Mr. Clay, nor any one else can give a guaranty that Kentucky, or any other State if free, will stand by the South in preference to the North. With the change to a free State will come in a new population, who will exercise a controlling influence in its counsels; and no one need suppose that whilst Slavery exists in the confederacy, in any form, that rabid fanatics, advocates for unconditional emancipation, will not also exist,—those whose very bread it is to keep up the agitation about Slavery as a "moral evil."

From the New Orleans Commercial Times.

#### SOUTH CAROLINA AND THE SLAVE QUESTION.

We cheerfully give place to the following communication, received yesterday:

The position which South Carolina has assumed in the present momentous history of the country, has been, and will continue to be, ridiculed and censured by those who, from interested political motives, on the one hand, and a *lukewarm* regard for Southern interest on the other, seek to hush the ominous sounds, which portend destruction to the Union, if the compact by which we are bound together, is violated. We do not sanction the course of the Palmetto State, to its full extent; however keenly she may *feel* the indignity threatened her by Northern fanatics, she should reflect, that the relation the South bears to the North as "bone of one bone and flesh of one flesh," calls for calm, dispassionate, and magnanimous action; not threats of angry counsels. We now are one—a *unit* of more political splendour than the world has ever known. Before the genius of our institutions, thrones have crumbled away, and the Pontifical power, that has withstood every unfriendly influence, for ages, has become so enfeebled, that the time is short before it must be numbered, likewise, with the things that were.

At such an era, when with us, Americans, rest the *mighty principles*, that are drawing upon us the study and attention of *countless millions*, impatient to be free, and, like us, to prosper and be happy, is it at such an era, that *one*, in the width and breadth of our land, upon *reflection*, can find it in his heart, by word or action, to aggravate the already vexed question of Slavery, now before the country? We will not think it; we believe, that in the bosom of every American, there is a *love* for the Union, paramount to every other consideration. We furthermore believe, that South Carolina is alive to *this feeling*, and will stand by the Union, while *she*, with the South in general, is protected in her rights.—The North may assail her with twits about nullification, if it will, and seek to destroy her influence, by ridiculing her pretensions, and by resorting to other means, as contemptible as they are unjust—yet, there she stands, South Carolina still, a noble little State, as her history will attest.

We have an important interest at stake, in maintaining the *strict observance* of that clause in the Constitution which *guaranties* to us full protection in the possession of our slaves, and we should insist upon *this*, "though hell itself should gape, and bid us hold our tongue." We must be united, inflexible and fearless, conciliatory with all, but none the less determined. Upon the ability and success we bring to bear upon this delicate question depend our future character and importance in the Union. We must look to it well, and, regardless of consequences, pursue that course of action which our duty and honour may assign. Let there be nothing equivocal in our movements; let not the *thought*, that we are *one race and united*, soften the *will* that determines us to maintain our *sacred rights*, however unpalatable they may be to the North. She well knows the position she has taken towards us is *false*, and without the shadow of justice to countenance it; we have but in concert to meet her, and *right* must prevail. If we do not fail to manage the question with tact, the smiles of a Providence that has favoured us in all things, will not desert us now. But we must be discriminating and cautious; and, though ever ready for the breach, reluctant for the conflict.

From the Mobile, Register and Journal.

NON-IMPORTATION OF SLAVES SOUTH.—It appears that there is in existence in Georgia a law forbidding the importation of slaves into the State, with a view of selling them, and, though it has all along remained a dead letter upon the statute book and been openly violated, we notice that most of the leading journals of Georgia are now speaking out in favour of enforcing its provisions. A novel purpose actuates them in so doing, which is clearly set forth in the following from the Augusta (Geo.) *Constitutionalist*:

"We hope that every Southern State will enact a similar provision. The law should totally prohibit the introduction of slaves into the State for the purpose of settlement. By this means the necessity will operate immediately on the border States of Virginia, Maryland and Kentucky of finding territory adapted to slave labour among our newly acquired possessions. It would induce an emigration to New Mexico, and perhaps to California, of slave owners with their slaves. The state of things would gradually, or at once, compel Tennessee and North Carolina to follow suit. Denied a market in the more Southern slave States, they would seek and insist on an outlet for their surplus slave population. They would become strenuous and unflinching advocates of a fair participation with the free States in our territorial acquisitions. The whole South would be interested in the success of the demand.

"This policy, if adopted by all the slave States, would be the best possible preliminary step to union, to concert of action, and harmony of interests. That the States enumerated have, or in time will have redundancy of slave population, for which they must have an outlet, is an admitted fact. Let it now be felt by, and forced upon the border States, and they will be stimulated at once to the remedy we have pointed out. The whole South will sustain their claim and their efforts for a participation in the acquired territory and will be prepared to resist at any and every hazard the application of the Wilmot proviso to that territory."

The *Augusta Sentinel*, however, says of the Georgia law:

"The law is itself defective; for it does not forbid our own citizens purchasing and importing any number of slaves for their own use. In other words, it merely compels a man that wants to buy this kind of property, to go out of the State after it, instead of permitting the citizens of other States to bring it to him."

From the Louisville Journal.

TEXAS AND SOUTH CAROLINA—HOUSTON AND CALHOUN.—The Senator from Texas has recently tried the force of his artillery on the "honest nullifier" of South Carolina. It must be confessed that Houston strikes sometimes with a "Vulcan-like power," and that there is more of the physical energy of the blacksmith than of the classic elegance of the scholar in his address.

General Houston's address, although directed to his "constituents," meaning thereby the people of Texas rather than the people of the whole confederacy, made its first appearance in the columns of the National Intelligencer. The ostensible object of the address is to reply to a charge brought against him by Mr. Calhoun in a speech which that gentleman made in a nullification meeting held in Charleston after the adjournment of Congress last summer. In that speech, Mr. Calhoun took the ground that, if Senators Benton and Houston had been true to the South, the bill establishing a territorial government in Oregon would have been defeated. Mr. Calhoun might have added that, if Mr. Polk had seen fit to veto the bill, it would not have passed. But Mr. Polk was sufficiently wise and patriotic on that occasion to approve a bill demanded by the wishes and the best interests of the people of the Territory in question. General Houston, not content with defending himself, carries the war into Africa, or, to speak with more geographical propriety, into that other heathenish country, South Carolina, for South Carolina and John C. Calhoun mean politically the same thing.

Mr. Calnoun's object was to promote Southern hostility against Houston and Benton, and General Houston reviews Calhoun's inconsistencies, and tries to rouse the indignation of his constituents and direct it against the nullifier. He says that after the ordinance of 1787, establishing the Northwestern Territory, had settled the question as to the power of Congress to forbid the introduction of Slavery into territory in which it did not exist, the question came up again when Missouri applied for admission into the Union.

This momentous question was submitted by Mr. Monroe, then at the head of the government, to the members of his cabinet, with a request that each one should submit his opinions in writing. Mr. Calhoun, at that time a member of the cabinet, answered and gave his opinion in writing to the effect that Congress had the lawful power to restrict Slavery within certain specified limits. *Mr. Calhoun's written opinion has been abstracted from the files of the Department*, as he has taken the liberty to change his opinion on the subject. Houston says that a letter written by Mr. Monroe at the time to General Jackson and the diary kept by Mr. Adams in which the fact is recorded, prove clearly that Mr. Calhoun concurred with the other members of the cabinet in affirming the power of Congress to prohibit the introduction of Slavery into the territories.

The General further charges on the Nullifier the design of creating sectional antipathies between the North and the South. With this view, he got up his abstract resolutions in the Senate in favour of carrying Slavery everywhere, and, not satisfied with them, he has made himself very conspicuous in relation to the California question, seizing upon it to inflame the hatred between the South and the North. This question the General thinks will be settled by the California emigrants to suit themselves, and that he further thinks is the true mode of settling the question. To bring about a dismemberment of the Union has ever been Mr. Calhoun's object according to Houston, and in proof of this he refers to an address, headed "*The Crisis*," which appeared in 1835 in the Charleston Mercury, which he intimates was written by the Nullifier. This article embodies the substance of the address which was adopted by the Southern caucus in January, and which was prepared by Mr. Calhoun.

The *Crisis* declares that if the Legistature of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and New York, then in session, did not obey the dictation of South Carolina, that is, if they should adjourn without passing laws for the suppression of Abolition Societies within their limits, then the Southern States would meet in convention and provide for their own safety by defensive measures. Now, this was a beautiful proceeding. The Northern States were called on to do what under their constitutions they had no power to do under pain of dismemberment. These States had no more right to crush Abolition Societies than they had to crush any other associations that their citizens may see fit to get up.

This document was issued in 1835, and although the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, instead of putting down Abolition Societies, have become unanimous on the subject of Slavery restriction, yet the threat of disunion has never been carried into effect. It was an idle threat, and we suppose no other man than Mr. Calhoun was inclined to carry it into execution. All such threats are contemptible as well as inimical to the spirit of our institutions. We would not have the least confidence in any State or individual that could be driven from a position by any threat. Thus far Mr. Calhoun's efforts, though long persisted in, have been fruitless. But few persons in the South have manifested a disposition to proceed to the length of disunion to gratify him, and he therefore stands almost alone. His last effort was made in January last, and the manner in which his address was at that time noticed by the papers in the different sections must have satisfied him that there is a deep and intense love for the Union in nearly every State of this confederacy, which will utterly defeat any schemes of dismemberment however artfully they may be concocted or however deceptiously they may be veiled.

We do not suppose that General Houston's address will call a reply from Mr. Calhoun, as he is by far too skillful a tactician to venture on the defence of himself when facts are distinctly against him.

From the Richmond Republican.

#### A CHAPTER ON YANKEES.

The term Yankee, as generally used, is somewhat vague and indefinite. At the North the inhabitants of the New England States only are known as Yankees; in the South, all Northerners receive that appellation; in Canada, England, and other foreign countries, all North and South, are designated by the word *Yankee*.

The phrase is certainly not often employed in a highly complimentary sense, either when the Middle States speak of New Englanders, the Southern of the Northern, or the foreigner of us all. It is generally accompanied, too, by some adjective strongly expressive of contempt, or by a very emphatic curse, which the reader's imagination will readily supply.

The "Yankee," in the general idea of that peculiar animal, is supposed to have been born in a bed of Wethersfield onions, raised on a diet of cod-fish, varied with pork and molasses, and taught to amuse his juvenile hours with wooden nutmegs, which are universally conceded to be the chief staple of the New England States. He is educated from early infancy to talk, sing and pray through his nose, by which he is always to be distinguished from his carnal fellow-men. He is habitually calculating, mean, avaricious, inhospitable and cowardly, though very "knowing," and delighting in nothing so much as in cheating and overreaching his neighbour.

The "Yankee pedlar," whose ravages among the Dutch settlers of New York and other regions, are fresh in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," is, of course, considered a fair specimen of the inhabitants of the region whence he emigrated. Consequently, great scorn and unutterable loathing are felt for the "universal Yankee nation." No good thing can come out of their land. No generosity; no chivalry; no honesty; no frankness; "no nothing." So thinks the foreigner of the American Yankee; so think some of our people of the New Englander. What is peculiar in the matter is, that the feeling is not reciprocated, or was not till of late years—the Northern Yankee regarding with great admiration the character of his censors, and the American Yankee, entertaining an equal respect for John Bull, notwithstanding the unmeasured scorn of the old gentleman, who was forever laughing at the lank, slabsided descendants of Jonathan.

What is almost equally remarkable with the former enthusiasm of the New Englander for those who held his race in no very high esteem, is an eccentricity in the conduct of Yankee haters towards the objects of their aversion. Thus, while they hold the Yankee to be a cheating, selfish and contemptible nation, they bestow upon it what would generally be considered the most solid testimonials of good will: they are the chief patrons of the Yankee race; they fill their colleges, and law, medical, and theological schools with their sons: they purchase their manufactures and "notions" by the wholesale; they buy inumerable articles of them which abound in their own State; they will send to Yankee land for fruits of the earth, that grow, or might be made to grow, under their very noses; they exhaust the life-blood of Southern treasure and energy to sustain a people whom they despise.

A change, however, seems of late to have come over the feelings and conduct of all parties. The Yankee nation seems to be "very considerably *riled*" by the contempt which has so often been visited upon its name, and some of its most aggrieved spirits have incontinently betaken themselves to negro stealing by way of revenge. Not that the Yankee careth for the African. Nay, verily. He despiseth him with a scorn infinitely more profound than ever visited a Southern breast. But the African is a means of annoyance, he fancies, to his Southern adversary, and so he beckons to "the chattel" to come along; kidnaps him from his master, and then leaves him with the crown of Liberty flashing on his brow and the worm of Starvation gnawing at his vitals. The Southerner naturally regards this proceeding as a new evidence of the innate and ingrained rascality of the Yankee nation; but he begins to act with more consistency and circumspection; he is now resolving, like a sensible person, to supply his own wants, and no longer employ agents whose chief delight is to pillage and despoil their principal.

We trust that a better era may soon dawn upon all, in which the character and rights of each may be better understood and more sacredly respected. The Yankee, very likely, is not so base, sordid and pusillanimous an animal as is sometimes supposed. Living in a barren and densely populated land, and but rarely blessed with inherited wealth, he must be industrious and economical, if he would not become a burthen on the other wokers in the social hive. Hence his gifts may not flow with that generous lavishness which we so much admire; they may drop like water from the flint rock, but, nevertheless, they are not withheld, and they flow in a broad and sparkling tide when the rock is smitten by the rod of Religion or Charity. See the statistics of donations to literary, benevolent and religious purposes in the United States, for the evidences of Yankee meanness. See the history of the Revolutionary war, and of the last contest with England, particularly on the seas, for the evidence that Yankees, as a race, are deficient in patriotism and courage.

On the other hand, let Jonathan be careful that he does not confirm prejudices against himself by countenancing the fanatics in his midst, who are urging him on to the most infamous crimes against his Southern brethren. Let him not believe the slanderers who prate of aggressions by the South upon the North. Let him punish the hypocritical rogues and thieves who steal Southern property. Let him beware how he mistakes impassioned denunciations of a few Southern ultraists for the calm, heroic, colossal character of the South, a land whose true representatives he will find in Washington, Madison, Clay, Taylor and Scott. Let North and South respect each other in their character and their institutions, and the Union, instead of a heavy chain linking together reluctant souls, will prove a golden bond of brotherhood of which both will be proud, which both will cherish with their heart's best blood, and which will prove to both a source of security, of strength, of glory, and of every right of civil and religious freedom.

From the St. Louis Reveille.

#### MR. CLAY'S LETTER.

If ever a cause had reason to cry out "Save me from my friends," surely it is that of Slavery in America! Our Eastern exchanges are just bringing us the opinions and comments called forth by the recent letter of Henry Clay, upon Emancipation in Kentucky. From the tune assumed in many quarters one would actually think that Mr. Clay had deemed it necessary to speak only in deference to the "Free Soil," and other clamour, the interests of Kentucky herself being a matter of second consideration. His step is rather *patronized* than applauded; it is received as an instalment, simply, on a long standing debt due to eastern agitators, in whom only lies the virtue of the whole matter, and for whose *eclat*, instead of for the regeneration of the slave, all future action should tend. Free Soil *in the territories* is no longer the question. *Gradual* emancipation is hardly tolerated, even as a pretence. Abolition out and out is the one course, and Kentucky may be thankful if she is left even to adopt this under strong advisement, instead of seeing her halls invaded, and her Legislature coerced. This is the cool spirit in which the matter is treated; no sign of the prayerful—almost tearful interest which should, in truly benevolent hearts, accompany the progress of such a sublime moral revolution.

It is at once sad and provoking, that people of liberal minds, who understand the institution of Slavery fully—its *advantages* to the black and *disadvantages* to the white man;—who know that the slave States alone ever can devise rational and practicable modes of relieving themselves when the proper time comes, should be revolted from the good work by the downright impudence of meddlers a thousand miles off. The great subject now under discussion in Kentucky—one which has enlisted the wisdom and philanthropy of the whole State—is treated as flippantly and familiarly by many of the eastern papers, as if it were one of their very absorbing "star" disputes.

The colonization project for instance, one which has already done so much good, and which promises so brightly for the future; one which proposes, by a gradually increasing drain, to relieve such States as may be willing, in a manner beneficial at once to the slave, the master, and the general cause of civilization—this is *understandingly* dismissed by the New York *Mirror* as follows:

Mr. Clay has a position of his own, beyond his mere Anti-Slavery opinions; he thinks that the freed negro should not be permitted to occupy the ground upon which he was born, but should be transported to the land of his ancestors.

*A proposition to expatriate three millions of native Americans* and send them to a strange land, three thousand miles from *their homes*, is one too visionary even to be seriously entertained by any legislative body.

These people care as little about even reading the plans of slaveholders as they do about considering their rights or their feelings. The following extract from an article in the New York *Tribune* is scarcely less *cool*:

If the people of Kentucky shall now decide that Slavery among them shall not outlast another generation, and that the slaves may be free only on condition of their restoration to Africa, a public opinion will soon grow up which will not only cherish the act of emancipation, but *put aside the condition*. Whenever the people of Kentucky shall determine to be rid of Slavery they will *find some directer way to effect their purpose than by sending all their slaves off to Africa*. Courage and action! friends of impartial freedom! The hour is about to strike—the knell of bondage to be sounded!

Friends of "*impartial* freedom," truly!

From the Richmond Republican.

#### SLAVERY IN KENTUCKY.

The Lexington (Kentucky,) *Observer*, and the *Louisville Journal*, leading newspapers of the State of Kentucky, both agree that there is no longer any earthly possibility of the incorporation of an emancipation clause in any constitution which the convention of Kentucky may adopt. However desirable such a provision might appear, looking to the slow and gradual extinction of slave institutions, yet, in view of the recent fanatical demonstrations in the northern States, Kentucky acts wisely and with a becoming spirit, for which she deserves all honour in refusing to yield an inch to the arrogant and outrageous insolence and dictation of the enemies of our institutions in the non-slaveholding States.

The leading statesmen of the North acknowledge that Slavery is a matter entirely under the control of the States where it exists, and that the constitution requires the inhabitants of the Northern States to return in good faith fugitives from labour. But how does the practice of the people accord with the theory of their statesmen? Look at Ohio, for example, and see the conduct of the so-called Whig governor Ford, in reply to the requisition of Governor Floyd, and the abominable abolition sentiments of the democratic United States Senator Chase, which we published the other day. Neither party can show clear hands on this subject, though it is but fair to say that Ford does not deserve the name of whig, and certainly is not a Taylor man, for he refused to avow himself for the Whig candidate for the Presidency. We do include in our censure thousands and ten of thousands of honest and patriotic men of both parties in the free States, who, if they had the power, would not only preserve good faith with the southern States, but would bring to summary punishment the rogues who delight in nothing more than in robbing their countrymen of property, recognized as such by the constitution and the laws of the land.

Upon this subject we know and will know no party. We can scarcely take up a northern paper which does not teem with insults and abuse of the southern States. Are southern journals expected to remain silent under this incessant torrent of contumely and reproach? Are they not only to abstain from carrying the war into the camp of their invaders, but to bear without a murmur the execration which is daily heaped upon the South and its institutions?

Kentucky, we repeat it, is to be praised in refusing to be bullied into any measure by foreign dictation. She does right to stand at her threshholds with a firm front, and consult only her own sovereign will and pleasure in managing her own institutions.

From the Nashville, (Tennessee,) Gazette.

#### SLAVERY AGITATIONS FOR PARTY PURPOSES.

It is deplorable that there are to be found, North and South, so many partizans on the stump and in the press, who are steadily doing all they can to weaken the bonds of the Union by engendering prejudices between the two great sections of the Republic in useless agitation of the Slavery question for hoped-for party gains. This has now got to be a fearful evil. We are at length driven to the very verge of disaster. In the South and in the North feelings have been fomented, arraying the great sections against each other almost as foreign and hostile powers.—How long can this last in safety? How much farther can it be pushed without cutting off all hope of retreat from the vortex of Disunion into which we seem to be gliding? It is time for sober, sensible men of all parties, who properly estimate the value of the Union, to use their influence in checking up this short-sighted and dangerous partizan practice.

Both parties have been drawn into it, but Democrats, North and South, have taken the lead in all extremes of agitation. We mean no offence to our Democratic friends, but would refer to notorious facts and appeal to them as patriots to arrest all further studied efforts to manufacture party capital by stirring up deadly animosities between the northern and southern portions of the Union. Since the commencement of these fearful agitations in 1835 Democrats have been the leading agitators, and Whigs have been conservators of public quiet. The famous *Atherton Resolutions*, producing the first great agitation, were introduced by a Democrat after careful preparation by a Democratic caucus! Every Abolition candidate for the Presidency has been a Democrat! Birney was a Democrat—Tappan was a Democrat—Van Buren was a Democrat! The Wilmot Proviso was introduced by a Democrat, and in short, all exciting issues in connection with this great question have been made up by fiery, inflammatory Democrats, and often, we fear, for nothing but party effect. Democrats have taken the extreme grounds in both sections of the Union. Whilst Van Buren heads the Anti-Slavery fanatics of the North, Calhoun heads the fiery, disunion wing of the Slavery forces in the South. Whilst Wilmot, Atherton, and others throw fire balls from the North, they are caught in the South and thrown back, hissing hot, by ultra Democratic leaders, who never cease their noisy but perilous play with these fiery elements. Whigs, as a body, North and South, have shrunk from these extreme positions.

There are exceptions in Giddings, Adams, &c, but they of late have strong Democratic tendencies, having arrayed themselves in the late great contest might and main against the illustrious and patriotic Chief of the more moderate and conservative Whig party of the Union. We would fervently appeal to moderate men of both parties to do all they can to allay these fiery dissentions, gotten up so often unnecessarily, and tending day after day to widen the breach between the North and South, to the point which is now imminently endangering the durability of the Union.

From the Glasgow, (Missouri,) Times.

#### SLAVERY IN KENTUCKY—MR. CLAY'S LETTER.

We have filed Mr. Clay's letter on the subject of abolishing Slavery in Kentucky, for our next paper. A brief synopsis of it will be found on our first page.

The people of Kentucky are agitating the subject of abolishing Slavery, and it seems from Mr. Clay's letter, that he had been invited to make his views public. Speaking of his letter, the *Louisville Journal* states that a large majority of the people of Kentucky differ from Mr. Clay in regard to emancipation at the present time. The *Journal* thinks, and Mr. Clay, is of the same opinion, that though Slavery in Kentucky is an evil, it is not of such magnitude that every other interest in the State should be sacrificed or endangered on account of it. Mr. Clay considers emancipation without colonization worse than Slavery; without colonization, he is utterly opposed to any scheme of emancipation.

A large meeting was held in Maysville, Mason county, Kentucky, on the 12th of February last, pursuant to a call signed by 523 voters of the county, to give an expression of public sentiment on the subject of Slavery. Resolutions were adopted declaring Slavery a political and social evil; that while no blame was attached to the slaveholder, no sympathy was felt for northern fanaticism, but it was esteemed a duty and a privilege to rid themselves of an injurious political institution, inherited from their fathers; that a system of emancipation, *with* colonization, should be adopted by the State, such a project being regarded as "practicable politic, and humane;" that a clause be inserted in the new constitution, by which the people may vote on the subject separately, whenever an act of the Legislature can be passed authorizing the same; that they would support no candidate for the proposed constitutional Convention, who would not subscribe to the sentiments of the meeting, as expressed in their resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and a committee of correspondence appointed, with power to call meetings. The meeting participated in by leading and prominent men of all parties, and its deliberations were characterized by a feeling of interest and determination, calmly, yet resolutely to carry out the objects for which it was convened.

From the Columbia, (Missouri,) Statesman.

#### SLAVERY QUESTION.

The question of Slavery in the territories is distracting the whole country. No section of the Union is free from the agitation. Men of all parties and in every walk of life experience more or less of the excitement. It is the grand public question of the day—fraught, in the judgment of many, with the most dire calamities to the Union. Unprincipled fanatics North and South—men who are seeking their own aggrandizement as a reward for the noise they are making—politicians who are bigoted, inflamed and crazy, are attempting to embroil the whole country in a destructive war upon the Union itself! Rank nullification stalks abroad, inflammatory appeals disloyal to the Union are made to the people, and indiscreet threats, taking the form of solemn resolutions, are freely hazarded—threats which if executed would destroy us, and which if made, and then not executed, render the makers ridiculous.

Moderation is the true policy. Ultraism should be condemned, and nullification rebuked. Contemplating this momentous question in the light of these suggestions—elevating ourselves above the party rancour and illiberality of the day—can we not approach this subject as becomes American citizens having with each other a common interest and a common destiny? Can we not quench the unholy fire of evil passion—forget for a moment the issues which divide us politically and geographically—and fix our eyes with steady gaze upon the priceless value of the Union of these States? Should we, especially in forming opinions on such a question as this, for one moment forget our country—our whole country? Deaf to the admonitions of patriotism, and to the lessons of wisdom and words of warning which have come to us from the great living and illustrious dead, should we heedlessly plunge forward into the dark abyss of disunion—a bourne from whence no nation returns? Rather should we not resolve never to abandon our country even in the most dark and perilous times; and to announce with emphasis and clearness, with boldness and with power as our motto—*our country, our whole country, one and inseparable, now and forever!*

Stand by the Union! Remember that to establish it the best blood of which the world could boast was consecrated! Behold with unclouded vision its fair and beautiful proportions, and rely upon the good sense and patriotism of the people of the United States to maintain inviolate the compromises of the Constitution and all will be safe.

From the Louisville Democrat.

☞ The movement South of us on the question of Slavery is interesting, and will keep pace with the progress of the discussion in Kentucky. A called session of the Legislature in Mississippi, in order to prohibit the introduction of slaves is urged on all hands. We give the conclusion of a long article in the Mississippian:

We, like our brethren of Kentucky, look upon Slavery in the abstract as an evil; but it is an evil which we at present are bound to endure, and from which we cannot so readily rid ourselves as they can; and while we are thus bound to tolerate the institution, we should regret to see our sister leave our family circle, and unite

suppose only 50,000 of these slaves, together with our natural increase, were employed in the production of the raw material of cotton. Why, sirs, a more effectual mode to destroy the South, and ruin the planter, could not be devised.

One of the strongest arguments in favour of gradual emancipation in Kentucky, is, that the owner of slaves can *now realize a better price for his property in the southern market than at home*. And who can doubt, should Kentucky pass any laws of emancipation, that the holders of slaves would avail themselves of *our better prices?* Is it not, then, our duty to arrest at once, by immediate legislative action, the further importation of slaves?

There are many benevolent, patriotic, and intelligent gentlemen of Kentucky, who view Slavery as a moral wrong, and its consequences to the industrial interests of the State as a great evil, and who would at any personal sacrifice, rid themselves of it. It is also true, that there are great numbers of the citizens of that State equally as benevolent, patriotic and intelligent, who do not regard the institution of Slavery as a moral wrong, nor an evil to the State, and will oppose emancipation in every form. There is a third party no less numerous than the others, who, in this contest, will be indifferent, so long as the southern markets are open for the sale of slaves. Let the whole South close its doors against this trade, and this third party becomes the friend of the second, and thus, so long as our markets shall remain closed, and Kentucky shall refuse to buy of her own citizens their slaves, so long shall she continue our sister and our ally.

We do not desire to thwart the generous purposes of our brethren in Kentucky, or to prevent them from ridding themselves of whatever evils they may suffer; but we have the right, and it is our duty to see that our own troubles are not increased by any measures they may adopt touching this delicate question.

In behalf of my friends of Claiborne and Jefferson county, allow me to beg of you the favour of presenting to his Excellency, Governor Matthews, some of the views glanced at in this letter, and to urge upon him the necessity of taking immediate steps for the assembling of our Legislature, which, if neglected, I fear, may seriously involve the prosperity and happiness of our people.

I have the honour to be, dear sirs,
Your obedient servant,
[C. B. NEW, Jefferson county.


# The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY APRIL 12, 1849.


FIFTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING.
OF THE
## AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.

The FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY of the AMERICAN ANTI SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the TABERNACLE, BROADWAY, NEW YORK, on TUESDAY the 8th day of MAY next.

The Annual Meeting of the American Society is the most important Anti-Slavery Meeting held anywhere during the year.

The ANNIVERSARY at the TABERNACLE represents to the country at large the progress, the efficiency, and even the existence, of the Anti-Slavery cause. It is to vast numbers of people the only sign of the continued zeal and spirit of the Abolitionists, of whose local meetings they never hear.

The BUSINESS MEETINGS of the Society have always brought together in counsel a larger number of Abolitionists from various parts of the Northern States than is ever convened on any other occasion. The general interests of the cause command, at that time, a consideration which at no other can be given them.

It has never, since the formation of the society, been more apparent than at this moment, that the Anti-Slavery cause is left where it ever has been, in the hands of the members of the American Society. There is as yet no reason to suppose that Slavery will ever be abolished except through its efforts.

The general importance of the Annual Meeting, and the aspect of the cause at this moment, which gives us every thing to hope for if we persevere,—everything to fear if we falter—appeal alike loudly to Abolitionists, all over the land, to make the ensuing ANNUAL MEETING of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY one that shall do more even than any previous one has done to drive the South to despair in defence of its felonious system of society, and the North to a more determined attitude than any portion of it has ever yet ventured to assume in defence of its own rights, and the assertion of the rights of the slave.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Prest.
WENDELL PHILLIPS, S. H. GAY, } Secy's.

### An Oriental Apologue.

I.

Somewhere in India, upon a time,
(Read it not Injiah, or you spoil the verse)
There dwelt two saints whose privilege sublime
It was to sit and watch the world grow worse,
Their only care (in that delicious clime)
At proper intervals to pray and curse;
Praerit the dialect each prudent brother
Used for himself, Damnonian for the other.

II.

One half the time of each was spent in praying
For blessings on his own unworthy head,
The other half in fearfully pourtraying
Where certain folks would go when they were dead;
This system of exchanges—there's no saying
To what more solid barter 'twould have led,
But that a river, vext with boils and swellings
At rainy times, kept peace between their dwellings.

III.

So they two played at wordy battledore
And kept a curse forever in the air,
Flying this way or that from shore to shore;
No other labour did this holy pair,
Clothed and supported from the lavish store
Which crowds lanigerous brought with daily care;
They toiled not neither did they spin; their bins
Was tow'rd the harder task of being pious.

IV.

Each from his hut rushed six score times a day,
Like a great canon of the Church full-rammed
With cartridge theologic, (so to say)
Touched himself off, and then, recoiling, slammed
His hovel's door behind him in a way
That to his foe said plainly—*you'll* be damned;
And so like Potts and Wainwright, shrill and strong
The two D—D'd each other all day long.

V.

One was a dancing Dervise, a Mohammedan,
The other was a Hindoo, a gymnosophist;
One kept his what d'yecallit and his Ramadan,
Laughing to scorn the sacred rites and laws of his
Transfluvial rival, who, in turn, called Ahmed an
Old top, and, as a clincher, shook across a fist
With nails six inches long, yet lifted not
His eyes from off his navel's mystic knot.

VI.

"Who whirls not round six thousand times an hour
Will go," screamed Ahmed, "to the evil place;
May he eat dirt, and may the dog and Giaour
Defile the graves of him and all his race;
Allah loves faithful souls and gives them power
To spin till they are purple in the face;
Some folks get you know what, but he that pure is
Earns Paradise and ninety thousand houries."

VII.

"Upon the silver mountain, South by East,
Sits Brahma fed upon the sacred bean;
He loves those men whose nails are still increased,
Who all their lives keep ugly, foul and lean;
'Tis of his grace that not a bird or beast
Adorned with claws like mine was ever seen;
The suns and stars are Brahma's thoughts divine,
Even as these trees I seem to see are mine."

VIII.

"Thou seem'st to see, indeed!" roared Ahmed back
"Were I but once across this pleguy stream,
With a stout sapling in my hand, one whack
On those lank ribs would rid thee of that Dream!
Thy Brahma-blasphemy is ipecac
To my soul's stomach; could'st thou grasp the scheme
Of true redemption, thou would'st know that Deity
Whirls by a kind of blessed spontaneity.

IX.

"And this it is which keeps our earth here going
With all the stars."—"O, vile! but there's a place
Prepared for such; to think of Brahma throwing
Worlds like a juggler's balls up into space!
Why, not so much as a smooth lotos blowing
Is e'er allowed that silence to efface [known,
Which broods around Brahma, and our earth, 'tis
Rests on a tortoise, moveless as this stone."

X.

So they kept up their banning amebean,
When suddenly came floating down the stream
A youth whose face like an incarnate pæan
Glowed, 'twas so full of grandeur and of gleam;
"If there *be* gods, then, doubtless, this must be one."
Thought both at once, and then began to scream,
Surely, whate'er immortals know, thou knowest,
Decide between us twain before thou goest!"

XI.

The youth was drifting in a slim canoe
Most like a huge white waterlily's petal,
But neither of our theologians knew
Whereof 'twas made; whether of heavenly metal
Unknown, or of a vast pearl split in two
And hollowed, was a point they could not settle;
'Twas good debate-seed, though, and bore large
In after years of many a tart dispute. [fruit

XII.

There were no wings upon the stranger's shoulders
And yet he seemed so capable of rising
That, had he soared like thistledown, beholders
Had thought the circumstance noways surprising;
Enough that he remained, and, when the scolders
Hailed him as umpire in their vocal prize-ring,
The painter of his boat he lightly threw
Around a lotos-stem, and brought her to.

XIII.

The strange youth had a look as if he might
Have trod far planets where the atmosphere,
(Of nobler temper) steeps the face with light,
Just as our skins are tanned and freckled here;
His air was that of a cosmopolite
In the wide universe from sphere to sphere;
Perhaps he was (his face had such grave beauty)
And officer of Saturn's guards off duty.

XIV.

Both saints to unfold their tales at once,
Both wished their tales, like simial ones, prehensile,
That they might sieze his ear; *fool knave and dunce*
Flew zigzag back and forth, like strokes of pencil
In a child's fingers; voluble as duns,
They jabbered like the stones on that immense hill
In the Arabian Nights: until the stranger
Began to think his ear-drums in some danger.

XV.

In general those who nothing have to say
Contrive to spend the longest time in doing it;
They turn and vary it in every way,
Hashing it, stewing it, mincing it, *ragouting* it;
Sometimes they keep it purposely at bay,
Then let it slip to be again pursuing it;
They drone it, groan it, whisper it and shout it,
Refute it, flout it, swear to't, prove it, doubt it.

XVI.

Our saints had practised for some thirty years;
Their talk, beginning with a single stem,
Spread like a banyan, sending down live piers,
Colonies of digression, and, in them,
Germs of yet new migrations; once by the ears,
They could convey damnation in a hem,
And blow the pinch of premise-priming off
Long syllogistic batteries, with a cough.

XVII.

Each had a theory that the human e-fr
A providential tunnel was, which led
To a huge vacuüm, (and surely here
They showed some knowledge of the general-head,)
For cant to be decanted through, a mere
Olfactory canal or raceway to be fed
All day and night, in sunshine and in shower,
From their vast heads of milk-and-water power.

XVIII.

The present being a peculiar case,
Each with unwonted zeal the other scouted,
Put his spurred hobby through its very pace,
Pished, pshawed, poohed, horribled, bahed, jeered, [sneered, flonted,
Sniffed, nonsensed, infideled, fudged, with his face
Looked scorn too nicely shaded to be shouted,
And, with each inch of person and of vesture,
Contrived to hint some most disdainful gesture.

XIX.

At length, when their breath's end was come about,
And both could, now and then, just gasp "impostor!"
Holding their heads thrust menacingly out,
As staggering cocks keep up their fighting posture,
The stranger smiled and said, "Beyond a doubt
'Tis fortunate my friends that you have lost your
United parts of speech, or it had been
Impossible for me to get between.

XX.

"Produce! says Nature,—what have you produced?
A new straitwaistcoat for the human mind;
Are you not limbed, nerved, jointed, arteried, juiced
As other men? yet, faithless to your kind,
Rather like noxious insects you are used
To puncture life's fair fruit, beneath the rind
Laying your creed-eggs whence in time there spring
Consumers new to eat and buzz and sting.

XXI.

"Work! you have no conception how 'twill sweeten
Your views of life and nature, God and Man;
Had you been forced to earn what you have eaten,
Your heaven had shown a less dyspeptic plan;
At present your whole function is to eat ten
And talk ten times as rapidly as you can;
Were your shape true to cosmogonic laws,
You would be nothing but a pair of jaws.

XXII.

"Of all the useless beings in creation
The earth could spare most easily you bakers
Of little clay gods, formed in shape and fashion
Precisely in the image of their makers;
Why, it would almost move a saint to passion,
To see these blind and deaf, the hourly breakers
Of God's own image in their brother men,
Set themselves up to tell the how, where, when.

XXIII.

"Of God's existence; one's digestion's worse
So makes a god of vengeance and of blood;
Another—but no matter, they reverse
Creation's plan, and, out of their own mud
Put up a god, and burn, drown, hang, or curse
Whoever worships not; each keeps his stud
Of texts which wait with saddle on and bridle
To hunt down atheists to their ugly idol.

XXIV

"This, I perceive, has been your occupation;
You should have been more usefully employed;
All men are bound to earn their daily ration,
Where States make not that primal contract void
By cramps and limits; simple devastation
Is the worm's task, and what he has destroyed
His monument; creating is man's work
And that, too, something more than mist and murk."

XXV.

So having said, the youth was seen no more,
And straightway our sage Brahmin, the philosopher,
Cried, "That was aimed at thee, thou endless bore,
Idle and useless as the growth of moss over
A rotting tree-trunk."

"I would square that score
Full soon," replied the Dervise, "could I cross over
And catch thee by the beard! Thy nails I'd trim
And make thee work, as was advised by him."

XXVI.

"Work? Am I not at work from morn till night
Sounding the deeps of oracles umbilical
Which for man's guidance never come to light,
With all their various aptitudes, until I call?"
"And I, do I not twirl from left to right [gull,
For conscience sake? Is that no work [illy
He had thee in his eye; 'twas Gabriel
Sent to reward my faith, I know him well."

XXVII.

"'Twas Vishnu, thou vile whirligig!" and so
The good old quarrel was begun anew;
One would have sworn the sky was black as sloe,
Had but the other dared to call it blue;
Nor were the followers who fed them slow
To treat each other with their curses, too,
Each hating 'tother (moves it tears or laughter?)
Because he thought him sure of hell hereafter.

XXVIII.

At last some genius built a bridge of boats
Over the stream, and Ahmed's zealots filed
Across, upon a mission to (cut throats
And) spread religion pure and undefiled;
They sowed the propagandist's wildest oats,
Cutting off all, down to the smallest child,
And came back, giving thanks for such fat mercies,
To find their harvest gone past prayers or curses.

XXIX.

All gone except their saint's religious hops,
Which he kept up with more than common flourish;
But these, however satisfying crops
For the inner man, were not enough to nourish
The body politic, which quickly drops
Reserve in such sad junctures, and turns curish;
So Ahmed soon got cursed for all the famine
Where'er the popular voice could edge a damn in.

XXX.

At first he pledged a miracle quite boldly,
And, for a day or two, they growled and waited;
But, finding that this kind of manna coldly
Sat on their stomachs, they ere long berated
The saint for still persisting in that old lie,
Till soon the whole machine of saintship grated,
Ran slow, creaked, stopped, and, wishing him in
[Tophet,
They gathered strength enough to stone the prophet

XXXI.

Some stronger ones contrived, (by eating leather,
Their weaker friends, and one thing or another,)
The winter month's of scarcity to weather;
Among these was the late saint's younger brother,
Who, in the spring, collecting them together,
Persuaded them that Ahmed's holy pother
Had wrought in their behalf, and that the place
Of Saint should be continued to his race.

XXXII.

Accordingly 'twas settled on the spot
That Allah favoured that peculiar breed;
Beside, as all were satisfied, 'twould not
Be quite respectable to have the need
Of public spiritual food forgot;
And so the tribe, with proper forms decreed
That he, and, failing him, his next of kin,
Forever for the people's good should spin.—J. R. L.

### The Southern Press.

To each of the Southern papers from which we have recently been copying, a number of the *Standard* has been sent with a request to exchange,—a request made not because our seeing those papers depends upon its being granted, but because we wish to accord to their editors the privilege of seeing ours, and to test the question how far a genuine Anti-Slavery paper would be tolerated even among that class which is generally supposed to allow itself, and to be allowed, as a matter of necessity, considerable latitude in its choice of reading. We hardly expected a very favourable result to this experiment, and we have not been disappointed. The exchange however in several instances has been accepted, in some casesby papers fanatically Pro-Slavery, in others by those that venture to doubt whether the system of Slavery is absolutely a blessing, and in all by men, probably, who either from curiosity, or some better motive, have the independence to ascertain for themselves precisely the character of this movement of which they have heard for nearly twenty years, and which they see has produced a stupendous change in Northern public sentiment, notwithstanding it is still held up to almost universal contempt, and visited with almost universal reprobation by the Northern press. This latter class have chosen the part of wisdom. If any of them are beginning to doubt whether Slavery be a beneficent institution, it may help to solve some of their difficulties to see how the system looks from a new stand-point; and those who are predetermined to see in it nothing but good are wise not to undervalue its enemies, and to learn something of the reason and the method of their attack.

It is evident, however, that the time has not yet come when even editors of Southern newspapers can be permitted to read a genuine Anti-Slavery newspaper from the North; and perhaps that time never will come when such publications, emanating from this, will be tolerated on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line. The doctrine of the immediate and unconditional abolition of Slavery, because Slavery is a sin, must come to the ears of the slaveholders, diluted through the columns of Northern partizan sheets, or Southern papers which will venture only to advocate half-way measures, and those even only on the score of expediency. We learn, from our own experience of the last few weeks in this matter of exchanges, that so great is the pressure of public opinion at the South, and so strict the surveillance under which men live, as regards this question of Slavery, that to be 'suspect' under this Reign of Terror, is, as it once was under that historically known as such, held as proof of guilt. We observe, as a general rule, that those papers which venture to exchange with us are such as are above suspicion; their Pro-Slavery character without blemish, their orthodoxy unquestionable. But those whose loyalty is tainted, who doubt, perhaps, that Calhounism is the Gospel of a New Jerusalem; or are rash enough to hint that there may be too much of a good thing, and at a certain point the growth of Slavery should be checked by prohibiting the further introduction of slaves; that Disunion is a thing not to be thought of, even to ensure the extension of the peculiar institution, and the strength of the slave power;—such papers, already obnoxious to a certain degree, may not venture to increase the suspicion against themselves by receiving a sheet which advocates, without concealment, without compromise, the Abolition of Slavery or the Dissolution of the Union. And sometimes even those hitherto not 'suspect' may not so far brave the prohibition against 'incendiary publications.' The last number of the *Richmond Republican*, for instance, a paper which can not be accused by its worst enemy of ever having dreamed that a better state of society than that of chattel Slavery has ever been, or ever can be vouchsafed to sinful man, contains the following announcement:

"Anti-Slavery Standard."

We have received a copy of the "National Anti-Slavery Standard." The editor must excuse us from exchanging.

Yet this paper has been exchanging with us for several weeks, and, we presume, would have continued to do so but for the notice which the *Whig* condescended to take of the '*Standard*' and which we copied last week. The *Republican* is above suspicion, which the *Whig* is not; yet the *Republican* did not dare to do what the *Whig* had denounced as a criminal conversation with the enemy.

In most cases, however, the Southern editors do not need to be subjected to any pressure of public sentiment to keep them in the strait and narrow path of duty enjoined by the slaveholders' code of morality. The editors, after all, are but men, no better, and probably not much worse than the mass of the people by whom they are surrounded. They would abstain as religiously from reading an Anti-Slavery paper as a good Mussiuman would from partaking of the Sacrament, or a devout Protestant from receiving the remission of sins. Abolitionists are "Christian dogs" to them, and Abolitionism the Scarlet woman. We find on a returned *Standard* the following letter written in the favourite colour of these Red Republicans, and which is evidently warm from the heart. It comes from some one of the papers published at Columbia, South Carolina, and we copy it, capitalized and italicized as it is written, as an evidence of the editor's state of mind.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, March 27, 1849.

"We don't exchange with Incendiaries.

"Come out South and we will convince you that Southern Slavery has not the hideous form of *Northern Factory Slavery!!* Nor do its advocates here seek to STEAL or *entice* away property for selfish ends. We strive to act honestly and independently in all things, and view with contempt the interference of Northern fanatics.

"We have a hearty welcome for our friends *always!*—And a dagger *keenly pointed* for our enemies!!! And as such we consider all who unwarrantably interfere with our property and our rights. We live by that divine rule "do unto others as we would others do unto us," and invite you to a proper and careful consideration of that maxim, and apply it with all its force to the dastardly and inhuman policy Northern fanaticism excites to. I call it dastardly because you have not always assumed your present open, bold course; you have sent your secret emissaries among us to entice our slaves from us; I call it inhuman because you also seek to arm our slaves against us, and we cannot but believe that you would exult in the effusion of Southern blood, could the darling object of your wishes be accomplished—the emancipation of our slaves—the destruction of the South.

"BRUTUS.

"I allude to the late attempt in Washington to carry off 70 slaves, the abettors of which was Giddings and Hale, whose every act casts an odium upon your cause which will thrice arm every southern man in that day when you force resistance upon us."

It would seem a work of supererogation to reply to such a letter, for it is difficult for us to conceive that such absurdities are written with any honest purpose, or entertained as sincere opinions. We should have to remind ourselves that there are three millions of the people of this country held in bondage by the common consent of the other seventeen millions, and that the main arguments which have ever been adduced against the abolition of Slavery are condensed into this letter, before we could bring ourselves seriously to the task of replying to it.—That the system of slave-labour is better for the operative than the system of free-labour: that Slavery is in accordance with the golden rule of "do to others as you would that others should do unto you:" that man can rightfully hold his brother man as property: that to assist him so held to escape from such a relation is theft: and that such a release must necessarily terminate in bloodshed: these are the gist of all the arguments that have ever been opposed to the abolition of Slavery, and they are all contained in the letter of our Columbia correspondent. Absurd as they are they have been met and refuted a thousand times, and will be thousands of times again, so long as this peculiar form of tyranny which they are meant to defend, exists anywhere upon the earth. We have neither time, nor room, nor patience to confute them now, but prefer rather to apply the *argumentum ad hominem* in an extract or two of a late number of the *South Carolinian*, a paper published in Columbia, from the office of which, very likely, the letter under consideration, came. The extracts are as curt, and as much to the point, as the letter itself, and rightly considered, are a sufficient reply to every position ever assumed, or that ever can be by the advocates of southern Slavery in its defence.

The first is a simple advertisement, of that *telling* kind which we like to find and copy, and the publication of which, with here and there a few italics and capitals, is, we are inclined to think, to our southern neighbours the most galling exposition of the character of their peculiar institution. The force of such facts, is not lost even upon them when made to stand out in all the grandeur of their simple atrocity before an audience not familiarized to the system of which they form a necessary part.

**Committed to the**

*JAIL OF NEWBURY DISTRICT.*

ON the 23d July last, a NEGRO MAN who says his name is FRANK, about 60 years old, 5 feet 10 inches high, tolerably gray, *severely marked on his thighs and back*, and says he is the property of Thomas Ross, deceased, of the State of Georgia, Lincoln county, 6 or 7 miles from the line of Columbia county, 4 or 5 miles from where the widow Daughton lives, in the State of Georgia. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away.

S. P. KINARD J. N. D.
August 15. 61 wtf

There are no grey-haired men among our Northern operatives on whose bare back and thighs such tally of wages has been kept, never to be wiped out till the body shall crumble into dust; none committed to jail on whom rested no imputation of crime; none who for near 60 years have toiled as this man "Frank" has done, receiving only as the fruit of his toil to-day—beside the aforesaid marks—barely food to give him strength to toil to-morrow, and nothing else beside; we have no reading here of the Golden Rule, bad as our social system may be, which can argue such things as the doing unto others as we would that others should do unto us; and we doubt if the mere humane instinct of any man would let him turn away from this scarred veteran, and say "I cannot steal" when asked to aid him to escape from such a bondage. And yet there is nothing here peculiarly to move our indignation, beyond that which belongs to ninety-nine hundredths of the slaves of the plantations of the South.

Read now the 4th section of "The Ordinance to raise supplies for the town of Columbia for the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine (1849)," which relates to free coloured people:

SEC. 4. *And be it further ordained*, That every free negro or person of colour from the age of eighteen to fifty-five years, carrying on a trade or art, or being a mechanic and residing within the limits of said town, or residing without the limits, and exercising his trade or art within the same, shall pay a tax of fifteen dollars each; and every free person of colour under the age of ten shall pay a tax of twenty cents each; and all free *female* persons of colour from the age of ten to fifteen years, shall pay a tax of one dollar each; and all from the age of fifteen to fifty-five shall pay a tax of six dollars each; and all free *male* persons of colour from ten to sixteen years of age shall pay a tax of two dollars each; all from sixteen to fifty-five years of age, common labourers, shall pay a tax of six dollars each, except such as shall be clearly incapable of providing his or her maintenance from maims or otherwise. The taxes hereby imposed on free negroes or free persons of colour, shall be paid to the town Clerk on or before the 20th day of February, next, and if any free negro or free person of colour shall neglect to pay the taxes hereby imposed, on or before the said day, he or she shall be doubly taxed, and an execution shall be issued directly thereafter, directed to the chief marshal, requiring him to seize and sell the property of such free negro or person of colour so neglecting to pay the taxes, deducting so much from the said sale as will pay the said taxes and costs. *And in case sufficient property cannot be found whereon to levy, and collect such taxes and costs, the town marshal shall be required by said execution to seize such free person of colour, or free negro, and sell him or her for such time as will pay such taxes and costs.*

The Ordinance consists of 18 sections, and a tax is laid upon various species of property, but no other poll tax save this, except one upon slaves to be paid by their masters which is "on all slaves under the age of twelve years, twenty cents each; on female slaves from the age of twelve to fifty-five years, seventy-five cents each; on all male slaves from the age of twelve to fifty-five years one dollar each." And the taxes upon other property, and the high-way tax, fall as heavily upon the free coloured man and the free negro as upon the white. But where else, upon the face of the globe, is a man sold as a slave in default of paying his taxes except in the Southern States of this Union? And how easily might a man of large family, and therefore heavily taxed, be made a slave for life, by the operation of such a law, continued from year to year? But it is a necessity of Slavery that the lot of the free man, cursed with the slave's complexion, should be embittered with outrage and wrong, so that between the choice of evils the life of the slave, and not that of the freeman shall be least hard to bear.

One class, however, of free negroes and free persons of colour are exempted from these taxes, and the reason of this exemption is the strongest evidence that can be adduced that the taxes are intended to overwhelm and crush those who are thus burthened, and that liberty to the black man may, even in a slave State, without these burdens be a blessing. The concluding clause of the section we have just quoted is as follows:

*The taxes hereby imposed on free negroes and free persons of colour, shall not extend to such as have been or may hereafter be manumitted by the Legislature for services rendered the State.*

Do the slaveholders reverse the golden rule when they manumit their slaves for services to the State? But need we point out the absurdity of the pretence that Slavery is anything but the direst curse, when the highest reward the slaveholders have to offer to their victims for any signal service is that they shall be slaves no longer?

TROUBLE IN THE WIGWAM.—A late number of the *Cherokee Advocate* contains a letter from which we learn that some trouble exists among the Missionaries to the Indians. It grows out of the division in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and we presume has no other foundation than Southern jealousy. The circumstances are best explained by the letter itself which we copy:

"WEST JERSEY, WYANDOTT TERRITORY, January 16, 1849.

"MR. EDITOR.—Believing that the Cherokee nation feel a deep interest in the "weal or woe" of their Wyandott friends in the West, I drop you a few hasty lines conveying to you and to your readers a "bird's eye view" of the state of affairs amongst us. I deeply regret that this information should be anything but gratifying to you and your readers, as it is, to us, a source of deep mortification.

A bitter and rancorous religious controversy has attained foothold amongst our people growing out of the late division of the Methodist Episcopal Church into a Northern and Southern organization. Last fall some of the official members of the Church, incited thereto by influences from Ohio, petitioned that Conference to send them a preacher to reside in the nation as their Missionary; notwithstanding they were, and had been, supplied with ministers from the Indian Mission Conference. The more sensible and moderate portion of the church members with the authorities of the nation immediately forwarded a protest to that Conference against their sending a preacher, stating at the same time that, as a people, they were perfectly satisfied with remaining under the pastoral charge of the Church South or Indian Mission Conference. They also pointed out the difficulties and dangers that would follow them, if they dismissed their pastor and substituted one from the North, who, whatever his profession might be to the contrary, would be an Abolitionist at heart. And strange as it may appear, yet, 'tis true that that grave and reverend body of divines, so eager for conquest and so determined in their unholy crusade against the South, appointed a Mr. Gurley, an Irishman, and as *finished and accomplished a Jesuit* as they could find in their body. In due time he arrived and he is here now ostensibly to preach the gospel, but of this he does but little, his mission being for a quite different purpose, that of prejudicing and poisoning the minds of the Wyandotts against the church South.

"The prominent men in this section are, Gray Eyes, a native local preacher, G. J. Clark, and J. M. Armstrong, the government Interpreter, "thoroughbred" Abolitionists. These men with their file leader, Mr. Gurley, seem to have laid aside religion and all the restraints of conscience and entered into the contest with a bitterness and ferocity of zeal better suited to demons than Christians. No religious meetings can be held at night without a riot. Mr. Gurley attempted it at a private house where, it was supposed, he intended to lecture his disciples secretly upon matters which he deemed prudent not to broach in the public congregation. The House was surrounded by the mob, Mr. Gurley compelled to flee and the meeting broken up. The windows of our new brick church have been dashed to pieces, the stoves torn down and the interior of the church thrown into the wildest disorder. Hence acts of retaliation follow. The excitement has got among the irreligious portion of the nation and matters must come to a crisis shortly.

"Though not having the honour of being a member of the Church myself, yet I may be permitted to say that the course pursued by the M. E. Church, North, towards the same Church, South, is well calculated to bring Methodism from its lofty position down to the lowest depths of degradation—shorn of her strength—marred in her comeliness—despoiled of her beauty, and will become a bye-word and a reproach to the scoffer and infidel.

"Their chief object seems to be, or, rather their motto may be summed up thus: *Conquer or destroy—Rule or Ruin.*"

There seems to be a notion prevalent of late among Southern people that every Northern minister is an Abolitionist. They better understand there the requirements of Christianity than the character of its teachers, for the fear of the slaveholders, as to what these teachers are, betrays their consciousness of what they ought to be.—We have no doubt, if the truth could be known, that this Rev. Mr. Gurley has been endeavouring with his whole strength to convince the brethren among the Cherokees that the Methodist Episcopal Church North is as Pro-Slavery now as she has been heretofore, and that the division was a rash and uncalled for movement on the part of the southern section, deprecated and contended against by the northern, and that the peculiar institution would find in him a fast friend if he were permitted to remain quiet. The disturbance, we venture to presume, is not of his seeking, but is created by the fanatical Pro-Slavery people who give every opportunity to widen the breach between the North and South—they should be thanked for that—and in their blind zeal for southern rights see an enemy in every northern man.

We observe the above letter in the *Arkansas Intelligencer*, published at *Van Buren*. The editor of that paper is no doubt aware who are the best friends of Slavery at the North, and that the writer of the letter in his unwise zeal would do harm to the cause he advocates, and alienate—if that be possible—or injure the feelings of the warmest upholders that the system has ever had; for the editor of the *Intelligencer* copies into another column an article of which he thus speaks:

In the *New York Observer*, a religious paper, edited by the Rev. Sidney E. Morse, we find an editorial article touching the all important question of Slavery. This article, coming from a northern paper, and more particularly from a Minister of the Gospel, it seems to us, renders it altogether worthy of the attention of our Southern readers.

We do not publish the article entire, but what is left out is written in the same conciliatory tone.

IS THE NEGRO A MAN?—Frederick Douglass in the *North Star* in a notice of the "Tribute to the Negro," a new English work, answers this question in a way which will puzzle the advocates of the opposite doctrine. The man who cannot see its force must be cousin german to him who asked Dumas who was his grandfather—and got a satisfactory answer. Douglass says:

"Here we are plowing, planting, reaping—using all kinds of mechanical tools—building houses, bridges, ships—working in metals of brass, iron, copper, silver and gold—living in families as husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, parents and children—supporting and sustaining week and Sabbath-day schools—reading, writing, cyphering—acting as clerks, secretaries, merchants—having among us lawyers, ministers, doctors, poets, authors, editors, orators, teachers—building ships on land, and navigating them at sea—taming and domesticating animals on land and pursuing the huge leviathans of the Pacific.—here we are walking, talking, acting, feeling, thinking, planning—in a word, engaged in all the professions and callings into which other men press, and which are open to us, with our minds grasping in the fulness of manly strength the awfully sublime idea, one Supreme God, who is the Common Father and Creator of us all; and yet, with these facts before the Christian world, it requires a book to prove that the negro is a man and an equal brother, having equal capabilities with the rest of mankind. Shame on the hardness of heart and blindness of mind!"

### British Slaveholders in Brazil.

A correspondent of the *Herald*, writing from Peru, says:

British subjects, residing in this country, have received letters from the British Consuls, residing in the different parts of the empire, requesting that returns should be made to them of the number of slaves held by each British subject, whether as domestics or otherwise; and, although no explanation is given as to what these returns are wanted for, yet it is said, that the intentions of the British Government are to purchase the slaves held by British subjects in this country, and to give them their liberty.

We do not believe the British Government would be guilty of any such absurdity. If she goes into the market as the purchaser of all the slaves that British subjects may choose to hold, if there are not among them keen traders enough to keep up the supply, there are enough shrewd sons of American "Chivalry" who would gladly become subjects of Her Majesty, for such an advantage.

The *Herald's* correspondent, however, evidently believes his own story. "Just consider for a moment," he howls, "what effect the liberation of 2,000 or 3,000 slaves, emancipated in this manner, would have on the unemancipated—either in this country or in the Southern States of America. Ten to one, it would cause a rebellion in six months." We don't see that that consideration has anything to do with the matter, if the measure be a wise and good one on the part of Great Britain—and the end proposed certainly is—must she refrain from it because another party most concerned shall take it upon themselves to produce the same wise and good end in another way?

### How to deal with a Doughface.

The course of Senator Walker of Wisconsin has met with a reception from his constituents which will doubtless prove a wholesome reminder to such miserable creatures as Dickinson and himself that the North does not absolutely choose baseness for the love of it, and is getting into a state of general indignation at sales of men—or what were made to be men, but the soul was forgotten—on private account. At a meeting of Democrats held at Racine, on the 23d ultimo, for the purpose of nominating charter officers, the following resolutions were adopted with cheers:

Resolved, That each day shows more clearly the necessity of a well organized Free Soil party.

Resolved, That the conduct of our senator in Congress, Mr. Walker, has disgraced the State; *and that we request him to resign the office he holds, considering] him dishonest, incapable, treacherous and cowardly.*

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be forwarded to the Hon, M. M. Strong, member of the Assembly from this district, and that the Senators and members of the Assembly from Racine County, be requested to support and urge the passage of a joint resolution by the Legislature, calling upon Isaac P. Walker to resign his seat in the Senate of the United States.

The Legislature promptly complied with the request contained in the last resolution, and were occupied on the 26th during the whole session with resolutions in relation to the course of Mr. Walker. The first resolution censuring his course, was adopted—40 to 9. The one instructing him to resign, by the same vote. The third, approving the course of Senator Dodge—44 to 3. The fourth, to send copies to the President of the United States, to the Senate, and each of the Wisconsin Senators and Representatives—40 to 9. It is thought that they will, without doubt, pass the Senate.

The political villainy of this Walker is made the more heinous by the following extract of a speech made by him when a candidate for the United States Senate, which is published by the *Southport Telegraph*:

"I am a voting Abolitionist from this hour to the day of my death; and if I could pledge myself any more strongly by so doing, I would sign those resolutions with my own blood."

Senator Dickinson has not, at least, Walker's sin of hypocrisy to answer for. The New York Senator lamented that Virginia was not his birth-place. Nature certainly committed a mistake in not making him a "nigger-driver."

### The Slaveholding Church.

The *Christian Register*, a religious paper published in Boston, chiefly remarkable for its worldly respectability, and as the organ of that sort of broadcloth piety known as Massachusetts Unitarianism, in a recent number made the remarkable admission that, "So great is the evil of human Slavery in these United States, that if the Church and the Constitution were really in the way of its abolition, near or remote, we confess we ourselves see nothing but the inevitable conclusion, that Church and Constitution must be overturned, that He, whose kingdom is in righteousness, may come." Everything, it predicted, must fall, that stands in the way of the removal of an evil which must be so great in the eye of God. "If the Churches of America uphold it, they will be like the Seven Churches of Asia Minor."

One familiar with the history and progress of the Anti-Slavery movement would never have ventured such an admission as this, and the assertion that follows it, that it has never yet been demonstrated that the Church does so sustain Slavery. No one fact in the Anti-Slavery cause has been more incontrovertibly established than that American Slavery is sustained by the American Church, and that being established it is an inevitable consequence that it must be the main support of Slavery. In the nature of things it is impossible that the Church could sustain with a feeble hand a system which either directly or indirectly influences the life and character of every inhabitant of the land. The Abolitionists assert this fact as they assert that Slavery is a system of cruelty, or of lust, or of adultery, because it is a fact proved over and over again by documentary evidence, and by the oral testimony of thousands of witnesses in the Church, witnesses against themselves, even were it not a self-evident fact that Slavery would not be in existence to-day, after nearly twenty years of agitation, were not the Church its Bulwark. The man who asserts the contrary must be wanting either in candour or knowledge. The editor of the *Register*, we presume, is ignorant of the position which the Church in past years has assumed towards the Anti-Slavery movement, and has never asked himself the question,—how happens it that so giant an evil can exist in the very bosom of the Church, unless by her will? We beg to offer for his consideration, and that of any one who may agree with him, the following series of Resolutions, reported by a Committee, and adopted after a long debate by the General Assembly of the State of Virginia at its late meeting. And lest any one should plead for the Virginian Church—acknowledged and fellowshipped by the Church almost universally at the North as Christian—that the real question at issue here, of the perpetuation and extension of human bondage, was not distinctly recognized, it is as well to state that a series of resolutions affirming the opposite doctrine to that laid down here, was offered, debated, and rejected.

Whereas, the institution of Slavery was fully discussed in the Convention which formed the Constitution of the United States, and the rights of slaveholders recognized and protected by the provisions of that instrument; that, without the compromises then solemnly entered into, the union of the States never could have been formed:

And, whereas, the General Assembly of Virginia, regarding what is known as the "Wilmot Proviso," as a law in palpable disregard of the compromise of the Constitution did, on the 8th day of March, 1847, adopt a series of resolutions, distinctly indicating the course which the State of Virginia would pursue in event of its passage by the Congress of the United States, as applicable to territory to be acquired from Mexico:

And, whereas, the present General Assembly have seen with deep concern a disposition manifested by the House of Representatives of the United States to violate the principles embodied in said resolutions, and to make still further aggressions upon the rights of the Southern States:

Under these circumstances, this General Assembly deem the occasion fit to reaffirm said resolutions and most respectfully, but most earnestly, to call the attention of all those who are attached to the union of the States, to the serious and inevitable consequences which must follow such action upon the part of the General Government. Be it therefore

1. Resolved, by the General Assembly of Virginia.—That after the fullest reëxamination and reconsideration of the resolutions of the 8th of March, 1847, by this body, we do consider said resolutions as founded in truth, consonant with the Constitution, and conductive to its preservation, and, therefore, we feel it to be our indispensable duty to adhere to and reaffirm them as follows:

"1. Be it Resolved

I. Resolved, unanimously, That the passage of the above mentioned proviso makes it the duty of every slaveholding State, and of all the citizens thereof, as they value their dearest privileges, their sovereignty, their independence, their rights of property, to take firm, united and concerted action in this emergency.

II. Resolved, That we regard the passage of a law by the Congress of the United States abolishing Slavery or the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia, as a direct attack upon the institutions of the Southern States, to be resisted at every hazard.

III. Resolved, That in the event of the passage by Congress of the "Wilmot Proviso," or any law abolishing Slavery or the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia, the Governor of this Commonwealth is requested immediately to convene the Legislature of this State (if it shall be adjourned) to consider of the mode and measure of redress.

IV. Resolved, That the Governor of this Commonwealth be requested to send a copy of these resolutions to each of these States of this Union and also to our Senators and Representatives in Congress.

OFFICERS HULSE AND WOLVEN.—In another column will be found a letter from Mr. Harned upon the subject of compensation to these officers, which would, to us, have been entirely satisfactory if the first excuse offered had been the only one,—viz: the want of funds. Our only feeling about the matter is that it is the part of wisdom to be not only just but generous to such police men as show themselves disposed to aid the cause of justice in all such cases. If the coachman was not paid, we do not see but that goes to add to the fault of omission on the part of the Committee, and not to excuse the non-payment of the Officers. As to the details of the case we know nothing, but understand, that some reply can be made to Mr. Harned's account of payments.

*The Tribune* says that Hon. Amos Tuck, of New Hampshire, at a Whig supper at Portsmouth a few evenings since said:

"The editors who have assigned to me all sorts of opinions will take my presence here this evening as evidence that I have gone over hook and line to the Whigs. *I am here this evening to be with my friends, and my enemies may make the most of it.*"

The election of Mr. Tuck, if we remember aright, was claimed as a Liberty party triumph, and, like the very few others which that party had has turned out nothing to boast of. Mr. Tuck has never done anything yet in Congress which should prevent this being a Whig after Abbott Lawrence's own heart.

ANNIVERSARY.—We call the attention of friends whose intention it is to visit this city at the time of the ensuing Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society—and we hope their name is legion—to the advertisement of Wm. P. Powell in another column. We have heretofore been somewhat at a loss where to direct many of the persons who are here on that occasion, to find a quiet and respectable home where the charges were moderate, and where they may be with friends of whatever colour without annoyance; but such a home may be found in May at Mr. Powell's.

CHARTER ELECTION.—At the election in this city on Tuesday, the Whigs had it all their own way. A portion of the Old Hunkers were disposed to unite with the Barnburners, but Jim. Brady, Mike Walsh, and others of the like kidney issued an address which had its weight about Five Points, and other such localities, where the influence of these worthies is unbounded, and the movement was prevented. It is a matter of the least possible consequence, however, which party is in office, as the city is certain to be equally as well misgoverned by one as by the other.

☞ The (London) *Nonconformist* predicts "that the word 'Whig,' as it passes down to posterity, will gradually supercede the use of that ill-sounding word 'humbug.'" The prediction, though calculated for the meridian of Greenwich, will, as the Almanack makers says, suit that of Washington.

☞ The *Tribune* says of the *National Era*, that it hates Slavery before all things, even the Whig party.—The *Tribune* prides itself in being behind none of its contemporaries in its news, but we are sorry to see that it is growing less and less reliable for its accuracy. This item needs confirmation.

We are indebted to Hon. John G. Palfrey for a copy of his speech which was published in our last number.

## Domestic Correspondence.

For the Anti-Slavery Standard.

### The Case of Belt.

MR. EDITOR:—As the utter of compensation to Police officers Hulse and Wolven, for discharging their duty in recovering Joseph Belt from the hands of kidnappers last winter, has been introduced into your paper, I feel that it is due to the parties concerned, that a few words connected with this affair should be given to your readers.

It should be distinctly understood at the outset, that these officers were not employed by the friends of Belt, to aid a fugitive slave to escape from his master; but that Mr. Hulse was called upon (by the direction of Judge Edmonds) to go, in the discharge of his duty, for which he is paid from the public purse and to bring before the Court, by a civil process, a man who had been unlawfully deprived of his liberty, and who was then in the custody of kidnappers. It is true that the performance of this duty was attended with considerable inconvenience and discomfort—a circumstance not unusual in the history of police adventures; and it was in view of this fact that the friends of Belt felt called upon to make a collection, first, to defray the actual expenses incurred, and the residue to be divided, as a gratuity, among the officers and others who aided in his recovery. At that time the treasury of the Vigilance Committee was entirely empty, and the numerous demands for assistance during the Fall, had well nigh exhausted the resources of the Committee. A subscription paper was drawn up by Mr. Elias Smith, and brought to me with two pledges on it, amounting to $15, 5 of which have not yet been received. This paper was put into the hands of the acting Agent of the Vigilance Committee, to whom, far more than to Officer Hulse, Belt is indebted for his liberty, and who was then so worn down with his extraordinary exertions in the case, as to be scarcely able to go about. He presented it to the friends on whom he is accustomed to call in such emergencies, most of whom had contributed quite recently for similar purposes, and the result of two or three day's labour was the addition of $37 00 to the $15,-00 previously subscribed. It will thus be seen that $47 00 is the amount which has been received for this object, the whole of which has been expended, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Hire of two carriages for the night of Dec. 14, on acct. | $13 50 |
| Ferriage and other expenses, same night, | 2 00 |
| Paid for J. Belt's travelling expenses to Massachusetts, &c. | 8 00 |
| To Officer Hulse, | 10 00 |
| " " Wolven, | 5 50 |
| " " Gardner | 5 00 |
| " ——— ———, of Gravesend, L. I. | 3 00 |
| | $47 00 |

The last individual was mainly instrumental in giving the first information, in this city, of the place to which Belt had been carried by the kidnappers.

It has been stated that officer Hulse has received but little if anything over the amount expended by him. I have never been able to learn from him or from any other source the amount of expenses incurred by him on the occasion, or what it was expended for; but I am authorized to say that on an exhibit of any necessary outlay made by him, the amount will be refunded to him by the Treasurer of the New York State Vigilance Committee, in addition to the $10 already paid to him by the acting agent.

It is only within a few days, since the reorganization of the Vigilance Committee, that we have been intrusted, by the friends of the cause, with the means really necessary for carrying out our operations. Our Treasury has been almost constantly overdrawn, sometimes to a considerable amount; while at the same time, we have been kept more or less in debt. An appeal for aid has recently been made, which has been liberally responded to by a few of those to whom it was previously addressed. Previous to the publication of Mr. Jay's letter in your paper, at the last meeting of our Executive Board, a Committee was appointed, with discretionary power, to examine and dispose of the *claims* of Officers Hulse and Wolven. Being myself a member of that Committee, I have made some further inquiries into the nature and justice of these claims, and I confess that I have strong doubts as to the duty or policy of appropriating the funds of the Committee to making them further compensation. With so many and urgent demands upon us for aid, I am disposed to think, in view of all the circumstances, that the sums already paid to them, ought to have satisfied them. Officer Gardner, who accompanied them through the night, expressed himself perfectly satisfied and thankful for the sum paid to him, although less than was paid to either of the other. Besides, it appears to me that if anything more is *due* to them, they should present their claims to the Court in whose service they were employed, rather than to citizens, who have really no more personal interest in the case than they should themselves feel, in the restoration of a fellow man to that liberty of which he had been illegally deprived. If any of your readers feel disposed to respond to your appeal in their behalf, I have no right to object. On the other hand, if any are inclined to contribute an *extra* compensation to our acting agent, who "laboured more abundantly than they all," or for the poor coloured hack driver, whose feet were frozen, so as to disable him from work for a month afterwards, I will receive their donations, and faithfully appropriate them. There is also another poor man who rendered important service, who has not received any compensation, to whom I should be glad to present a small gratuity.

I will only add, in conclusion, that it would in my opinion, have been much more in accordance with our professed principles, if this whole matter had been made the subject of a friendly conference, rather than to have made an expose of such "family concerns" before the public.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM HARNED.

## Foreign Correspondence.

Letter from our Dublin Correspondent.

*The weather—early Spring—Grumbling—the excellence thereof—Irish landlords—Irish divisions—Irish snobs—and Irish fox hunters—laws of entail; and poor laws—Contributions to the Pope—Italian revolution—how a certain shepherd takes care of his sheep—how the law took care of the shepherd—and what comfort the correspondent draws therefrom—A riddle for his readers—another case of expurgation—the Quaker censorship, and the pro-slavery censorship of the American press—He closes with a fling at the King of the South.*

DUBLIN, 24th of March, 1849.

MY DEAR GAY:—Dismal weather for the umbrella trade! Desperate for the shoemakers and the scavengers. For weeks, almost for months together, we have hardly had a drop of rain. And then, as to the winter, it has been only a make-believe winter—very little cold weather and the merest pretence for frost and snow. Winter came in rather earlier than usual—that is, there was a threatening of snow and ice as thick as the sole of a (Yankee) lady's shoe some time in October—but he has done nothing since to realize these doughty professions. The furriers and dealers in extra warm clothing, no doubt, feel themselves deceived and ill-treated. The only opportunity I had of seeing earth clothed with her beautiful white mantle was about a fortnight ago, when the top of Mount Leinster, between the counties of Wexford, Kilkenny, and Carlow, and of the Comeragh mountains in the county of Waterford, were very thinly powdered with snow. The like is not remembered by the oldest inhabitant. Some of my American friends who have visited Ireland in summer will find it hard to believe that we could have been so long without rain. When Garrison was over here in 1840, it was a standing joke with him that we had rain every day—until on one occasion when we made an excursion to Killeney Hills, near Dublin, we were able to establish the fact that not a drop had fallen that day—and this was in the month of July or August. But it must be admitted that our climate is almost as variable, uncertain and eccentric as ourselves, and we need not be greatly surprised if we have frost in May and perpetual rain in June and July. As it is, every poor body at least, praises the fine open winter, declaring that its a "beautiful sayson—glory be to God." One result of the fine weather, and perhaps of the growing conviction of the necessity for exertion on the part of the farmers, suggested by the abolition of the corn laws, is, that the cultivation of the ground is remarkably forward, and whenever we look over the fine undulating low land that occupies the greater portion of the east of Ireland you see a large part of the soil brown with the recent labour of the ploughman. When the potatoes failed last year it was discovered that those which best escaped the blight, had been planted early, and accordingly, the farmers have generally taken the hint and have almost universally planted early this year.

I have just been from home for a few days in the counties south of Dublin, particularly Wexford and Waterford. The progress of industry and improved farming is very apparent, and the general appearance of the people is probably not very inferior to that of the peasantry in some of the agricultural counties of England, excepting that we are not so advanced in habits of cleanliness and neatness. The people look well—but gambling is the order of the day. Everybody grumbles at everybody else. Grumbling is, I believe, looked upon by some wise people as one of the most hopeful indications of better times. It shows that people are not satisfied with their present condition; and when a long cause of grumbling and the reflections suggested by an uncomfortable state of things have had time to do their perfect work, it is likely some efforts will be made after improvement. Still it is irksome to hear on all hands this voice of wide-spread dissatisfaction. The priest thinks we can never have luck while tithes are paid, and the heretic par son supported by the involuntary labour of true believers; and I agree with the priest that the true believers have good reason to be discontented with this injustice—while the priest is impelled by the more substantial consideration that his flock are thereby "rendered the less able," as the law forms, have it, to contribute to his own support. I should be glad if the people saw their way clear to pay neither parsons' tithes or priests' dues, since they want every penny they can keep for themselves, and as far as we can judge from the results of the labours of the parsons in England—where they have almost unrestricted sway—and of the priests in Ireland, where they rule the roost—the people could hardly manage their own souls worse than the clergy manage them on their behalf. In both countries the mass of the people are now sunk in a state of intense ignorance, and superstition, and the vices inseparable from ignorance. If the parsons and priests exerted half that energy for the good of their flocks which is expended in the maintenance of their own ascendancy, we should soon witness a very different state of things. The churches might be less powerful and domineering, but the people would be infinitely more enlightened, happier, freer, and more prosperous.

There is also great grumbling against the landlords It is said that they are exacting, selfish and overbearing It is true that there is not much love lost between them and their tenants. It is impossible it could be otherwise. Our present condition is the legitimate result of the past history of the country. Ireland was conquered and reconquered—but never subdued. The native proprietors of the soil were mostly hanged or banished, or if allowed to remain they were stripped of their possessions, which were handed over to English adventurers. They looked on their tenants as vassals with whom they had no community of race, language or religion. And they treated them accordingly, so that a bitter feeling has long been generated, which must be eradicated before the country can prosper. This universal discord makes it impossible that Ireland could stand alone, and throws discredit on all the brave talk about repeal of the union and Irish independence. Reasonably as Irishmen may dislike the arrogance of England, little as we have to hope from her apathy, her contempt, or her selfishness, we are so hopelessly divided amongst ourselves that our chance of tolerable government is very much greater as a portion of the British empire, than if we were an independent Kingdom or a Republic, with a Parliament made up, as ours would inevitably be, of the nominees of the priests with a slight sprinkling of fiery impracticable Young Irelanders and Orange landlords. You Yankees, except from what you see or hear of slaveholders, can have little idea of the small fry of our Irish gentry—those who, with very small properties still cling desperately to the skirts of the aristocracy. They generally dress well and are not deficient in manners; but they are full of pride; they despise every one who uses his own hands for his own support; and they value themselves the more highly the longer the list of their ancestors who have never contributed a penny to the wealth of the nation. They are often needy, ignorant, mean, and unprincipled. They have no objection to the army as a profession, or to the church when they can get a "cure of souls," or to the bar, but they rather despise medicine, which is too practical. In the county of Wexford a few days ago, I met a curious trio. These was two country gentlemen in red coats, white breeches, boots and jockey caps, returning from a fox hunt, accompanied by an infantry officer on his way to rejoin a regiment under orders for India.—Two of these boon companions sat beside me (and we were terribly crushed) while the officer perched himself on the boxes and luggage in the well. Catch any Paddy that passes, and he will do his best ineffectually to make you comprehend the nature and locality of the "well" of a car. As soon as we had all taken our places the gentleman began "to hand round the wine" in the unsophisticated shape of a black glass bottle full of whiskey. They offered it freely and drank abundantly, and one of them who swore and swaggered like a trooper, recommended his military friend to shoot the Sikhs, to aim low, and so forth. These men were, I presume, a fair sample of the fox hunting gentry of whom you have heard so much. One of our fellow passengers, a dissenting minister (when their backs were turned,) hoped that they would be better prepared before their time came, for the other world, and I thought it would be well if they were better suited for this earth of ours.

Among the Irish landlords are many most excellent and truly patriotic men, but a large portion of them have received a very superficial education; they are puffed up with ideas of the importance of their station, they despise all whom they consider beneath them; and their reputation has sunk so low both in Great Britain and Ireland, that a very general opinion prevails that the sooner we are rid of them the better, both for the country and for themselves. The land would then fall into the hands of men having the means and the disposition to improve it; and the discarded proprietors would at length have an opportunity, under the energetic impulse of necessity, of turning "to some honest calling, and of being of some real use in their day, age, and generation." Before this desirable consummation comes round, however, it will be needful greatly to modify if not to abolish the laws of entail in Ireland, to remove the obstacles to a free trade in land, and so to change the laws affecting landed property, that the proprietor who is encumbered with debts and unable to meet his engagements shall be obliged to descend in the social scale and make way for abler, honester or more fortunate men. I know no good reason why the law should defend one favoured class from the vicissitudes to which all others are liable. Undoubtedly the attempt to maintain these unjust immunities i productive of the worst effects in Ireland; so that it has at length become the prevalent opinion that until they be altogether abolished it is in vain to hope for much improvement in the prostrate condition of this country. A very large portion of the South and West, including 22 poor law unions, have been declared, or have declared themselves, unable to pay the poor rate. The obvious remedy for this state of things would be to sell the properties of the landholders just as the goods of the shopkeeper, or the farmers' cattle are distrained without scruple in a similar emergency. But the man has not yet appeared who will venture on so bold a stroke as this. It would terribly stomach our real rulers, the aristocracy, to offer such a measure as this for their acceptance in Parliament. As Coriolanus fluttered the Volscians, so will that statesman flutter the proud nobles of England when he proposes for the good of the Irish people, and the salvation of the empire to alienate the soil of Ireland from her present owners. But nothing else will do. The oppressive weight of the poor rates is a universal complaint throughout the country. Before the poor law was enacted, the poor of Ireland were supported by the class just one degree less miserable than themselves; this was done voluntarily, for charity and "the love of God." And that this burden must have been enormous is easily judged from the vast numbers who are now crammed into our poor-houses, and the loud complaints of the oppressiveness of the needful imposts. It is true that by the potato failure, in 1845, 1846 and 1847 we were left minus of food which 200 millions of dollars could not supply, and the burden of the support of the poor is not only much greater than it would otherwise have been, but our ability to bear it is greatly diminished. I do not think that the absolute depreciation of capital amongst all classes can now be less than 40 per cent. below what it was in the spring of 1846.

It is odd enough, and eminently *Irish*, that amid all our poverty, all our repudiation of poor rates, all our outcry about the oppression of England, all our aspirations after liberty, all our old Irelanders, Young Irelanders, Conciliation Halls, and Halls of Confederation, and all our talk about rebellion for the attainment of national independence, a very brisk and munificent subscription should at this present writing be going the rounds of the Catholic chapels at the instigation of the priests, for the purpose of filling the coffers of the Holy Father in his exile at Gaëta. Nobody doubts that the Pope looks to his restoration to the papal throne, or that all the money he can get will be required for this object. I hope he may never succeed. The Roman people seem to be thoroughly satisfied with their new government, and there can be no stronger condemnation of the old one than this; especially when we consider the strong conservative tendencies of southern nations, the benefit they must have derived from their city being the centre of Roman Catholic christendom, and their unshaken allegiance to their late sovereign as the head of the Church upon earth. Considering also the excitability of the Italians, the Roman revolution has been one of the most remarkable in history; the Pope deserted his people before his people deserted him; and it would be difficult to say by what law except the law of the strongest, and by a most unjustifiable and unprovoked exhibition of brute force, any foreign power could interfere to thrust the Romans back under the feeble, effete, and corrupt hierarchy from which they have escaped. It is calculated that about 100,000 dollars will be collected for the Pope in Ireland. How can any one imagine the possibility of self-government, by a people so led by the nose, so inconsistent and ridiculous as we are? They talk about self-government and national independence who contribute their pence to help a self-deposed sovereign to thrust himself back upon a people, formerly one of the most horribly ill-governed in Europe, who have peaceably and nobly asserted their own right to independence and self-government.

A remarkable circumstance occurred in the town of Sligo lately, from which I gather some consolation amidst all the gloom that surrounds us. A few weeks since four of the towns people (one of whom was an alderman) were returning home at a late hour from a social party. Cries are heard issuing from a house of indifferent reputation. They enquire of two men, who are seen leaving it, the cause of the uproar. One of them is a priest, the Reverend Father O'Neile—his companion is his clerk. The clerk replies that Father O'Neile has been "flogging the girls," and the querist reproaches him for his brutality—the clerk attacks him with a stick—he falls—and the priest coming to the help of his squire, strikes the prostrate man repeatedly, and savagely with one of those fearful implements loaded with lead, jocularly called life preservers. His skull is battered, his teeth are broken, and he is terribly hurt. The alderman comes to the rescue, and he is served with the same sauce though not with such deadly liberality. Informations are lodged. The case is brought to trial at the assizes—the priest is found guilty—his prosecutors recommended him to mercy, professing themselves satisfied with the conviction—but the judge, who declares he has never met with an instance of an assault at once so savage and so unprovoked, sentences his reverence to nine months imprisonment and to give security for his future good behaviour. Now the extraordinary part of the story is not that the priest flogged the girls, or battered the gentleman—that his witnesses perjured themselves in the most flagrant manner,—that the prosecutors recommended him to mercy, or that the judge sentenced him—but, that *the jury convicted him.* It is a great step when a jury in one of the most Romish parts of Ireland can be found to bring in so just a verdict where a priest is concerned.

If the Irish people generally could be induced to imitate this example, to eschew the fear of the priests and the love of faction, there would be every hope for us; but none until some such change takes place. A great deal has been recently said about the packing of jurors on the Irish State Trials. On the other hand, it is openly boasted by the same people that if a jury are indifferently chosen without reference to the religion or politics of the juror it would be impossible to get a verdict against any of the State prisoners—or in other words that no twelve men could be found in Ireland who would give a verdict according to the evidence. Every body knows the young Irelanders themselves, when not on their trial, do not attempt to conceal that they were guilty in the eye of the law; and yet such is the prevalent indifference to the obligations of oaths on the part of those who are strongly swayed by religious or political 'prepossessions that it is nearly impossible to get a verdict on a political trial. The course of these unfortunate men has bee extremely injurious to themselves and to their country. They have put back the prosperity of Ireland for years by turning aside our ligh-theaded and imaginative people from the necessary attention to their own affairs in pursuit of political will-o'the-wisps, which were never comprehended even by these well-meaning though hair-brained leaders.

Now in return for all this knowledge I want you to rede me a riddle, for I am sorely puzzled. Whittier has just published a handsome illustrated edition of his poems, and an honest man in Boston, condescending to my infirmities—for I love Whittier's poetry,—has sent me the book. I am no great critic, and would make but a poor reviewer, but like many other plain people, I know what I like, and in pursuance of this knowledge my mind is very comfortably satisfied that J. G. W. is not only Quakerorum Poetarum facile princeps (this is no great praise) but that he is one of the sweetest, tenderest, purest, and most spirit stirring minstrels in our language. His Anti-Slavery muse at least—for I think he has two muses—is not by nature, but only by convincement, "a member of our society." She loves the braying of the bugle and the neighing of the war-horse. She even breaks, when largely provoked, into a bit of an oath. The question I want you to answer is, can you tell me why did Whittier or any one in his behalf leave out, as if by particular desire (for they could not have dropped out by accident) those glorious "lines written on the adoption of Pickney's Resolutions?"* Can it be that the author, being "a friend in good esteem;" being put on appointments; being haply an overseer, and aiming even at an eldership, (for ambition takes the oddest shapes and lurks beneath the broadest brims and the most apostolical configurations of garments) it does not do for him to republish a poem that begun with an adjuration, and therefore he tries to smother it? Why, man! he could not do it—that poem will never die.' All the yearly meetings, backed by all the slaveholders in America could not extinguish it. Sterne tells of the recording angel dropping a tear upon Uncle Toby's oath, and blotting it out forever. I am sure the recording angel himself would be half sorry to blot out that grand oath of Whittier—"Now by our father's ashes!" It came from his heart—his blood was up—he could not help it. Let him not hang his head for shame. Every honest man thinks the better of him for it. No monthly meeting would dare to disown him for a peccadillo that is creditable to his head and heart. I love that poem. I heard Garrison read it in this room. I think I see him standing before me—his dark eyes lighted up—his deep toned voice, full of sympathy as he recited the noble stanzas. A hundred cheers for him! As long as time advances I grow more fastidious in the matter of poetry and the better I like Whittier. Were I not somewhat initiated into the secrets of the American land of bondage I would often have been greatly amased by the slighting way he is passed over in Griswold's and other selections from your poets. But to be sure his strains are unfit for the southern market and are by no means suited to inspire the children of the chivalry with pride in the peculiar institution. You are a fine people, free, independent, high-minded, intelligent, and all that sort of thing; but it is still true that throughout a good half of the land overshadowed by the stripes and stars, a stringent censorship of the press is in full operation and that the devil himself holds the scissors.

Have you read the new Austrian Constitution? Does it not make your heart throb to think that however Calhoun may lord it in the West, good times are coming for the downtrodden people of Europe? The Germans are a fine solid people; there is good stuff in them. I rejoice in their emancipation.

Ever yours truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

*We cannot answer the question, and were not before aware of the fact of the omission—indeed we have never seen the book.—[ED. *Standard.*

## Foreign News.

# THIRTEEN DAYS' LATER.

ARRIVAL OF

# The Steamship Niagara.

The steamship *Niagara* arrived at Boston on Saturday last, with thirteen days later, and important news. We copy her intelligence in part from Wilmer and Smith's paper, and condense in part from other sources.

### England.

FAILURE OF THE TORIES.—In Parliament, the proposal of Mr. D'Israeli to make an inquiry into the peculiar burdens on land, with a view to their relief, has been disposed of by a majority of 280 to 189. This majority is quite decisive for the present, but Mr. D'Israeli promises to bring it forward again and again, and it remains to be seen to what point of depression agricultural produce will fall; and upon the political results of the great experiment now in progress must depend the eventful solution of this question. The army and navy estimates have been carried by majorities quite as large as heretofore.

—The long threatened opposition of Mr. Hume and Mr. Cobden has subsided in the meekest disclaimer, in the House of Commons, against the present alleged excessive number of troops and seamen. Only the most insignificant minorities have supported the financial reforms.

—The events in India seems to have aroused the British feeling so long kept in abeyance, and it is quite plain that the cry of ships, colonies and commerce, was never more popular than at this moment.

—Up to this period of the session the state of parties in the House had not undergone any material change. There exists on all sides a sincere desire to support the executive government upon all national grounds.

—Mr. Bouverce's bill to "disclergyfy clergymen" of the Church, so as to enable them to preach in dissenting chapels without incurring the penalties and costs, for the non-payment of which Rev. Dr. Shore is in Exeter jail, is referred to a select committee and is likely to pass the Commons.

The division on the second reading of the navigation bill seems to give an assurance that with the exception of removing the impediments which stand in its way of perfect reciprocity in the European trade, so as to assimilate it to that of the present free intercourse with the United States, and of nationalizing certain produce, it is very doubtful whether the present Navigation Laws will be abrogated. The second reading of the present bill has only been sanctioned by a majority of 56 in a House of 476 members. The question, as expounded by Mr. Gladstone, runs farther; the chance of being defeated upon the essential point now raised, whether reciprocity or retaliation is to be the ruling principle of the proposed alteration. Mr. Gladstone said: "It is merely assumption at present to reply that the Americans or any other nation will concede reciprocal advantages to us in the coasting trade. If they do not, then in that case we are to call into action the slumbering power in the bill, and we are to retaliate." That means to replace matters as they exist at present. The more the subject is canvassed, the more difficult does an equitable and endurable adjustment of all the antagonist interests appear.

—The political opponents of the present ministry do not aim to expel them from office. A Peel ministry, split up as the Peelites are into two factions, and forming together scarcely a sixth part of the House, is at present out of the question, and the protectionists are waiting for the further development of free trade measures, which, they believe, with a depreciation of agricultural produce, will terminate in such an overwhelming national distress, that an appeal to the people will give their party a majority in the House of Commons.

—The cholera is fast disappearing. Total number of cases has reached 14,304 of which 1200 were in the metropolitan districts, about 11,000 in the country, and more than 12,000 elsewhere. The total deaths have been 3464.

The weather has been uninterruptedly mild and fine for the season.

### Irel

—The West and South of Ireland seems to be in a deplorable state. Several frightful murders are reported.—The cholera is committing extensive ravages. In Limerick, to compensate for their sad and distressing visitation, the farmers have commenced tilling the ground, and the potato is again planted to a greater breadth. The attachment of the Irish to this, their precarious mode of sustenance, cannot be eradicated. It is hoped that the early sowing has been adopted generally throughout the country, that the chances of failure may be diminished. The friends of Ireland, however, view with considerable alarm this recurrence to a system which has cost so much life and treasure.

### France.

—Public attention continues to centre in the trials at Bourges of the political prisoners which are proceeding with due solemnity. But as the Parisians do not anticipate any new light to be thrown upon the events of last year, and the distance from the capital precludes the possibility of making the proceedings a subject of excitement, the public attention at Paris is drawn to a theme nearer home, of far more exciting character than to the probable fate of the prisoners.

—After a painful investigation into all the circumstances connected with the murder of General Brea, the government has spared the lives of all the convicted party, with the exception of those who were brought to the scaffold on the 14th and guillotined.

—The first application of the hateful guillotine since the last Revolution has excited the Red Republicans to an uncontrolable fury. They have stigmatized the President as an executioner and an assassin, and M. Proudhon ends an outrageous article on the subject thus, addressing Louis Napoleon:

"You have restored the guillotine, and it will only disappear with you."

The abolition of the Clubs has been decided by the slender majority of 378 over 339, the division being taken by ballot.

—Every day now discloses some fresh instance of the indefatigable zeal of the Socialists, to overturn the present order of things. The journal of M. Proudhon, to the extent of 20 or 40,000 per day, is actively circulated in all the barracks of France, and the non-commissioned officers and men are tempted from their allegiance by every imaginable means. We very much doubt whether matters will settle down without some outbreak.

—At Toulon there are great preparations for embarking troops, and in consequence of the movements in Piedmont and Italy, the army of the Alps has been again recruited, and every arrangement made so that a large division of troops may cross the Alps, should an armed intervention be resorted to.

—Up to this moment there seems a cordial and complete understanding between the French and English governments in respect to the affairs of Italy.

—The French funds have fluctuated violently since our last. The 5 per cents. fell 3 per cent. in one day, owing to the rumour of actual hostilities in Piedmont, but they have since rallied. Very large purchases seem to be making on English and foreign account. The last prices of the 5 per cents. were 82f 60; the 3 per cents. 52f.44.

### Holland.

The King of Holland has been removed from the scene of impending strife on the Continent, having expired on the 17th ultimo. His son, now King William III., was in London at the time, but immediately proceeded to his dominion, where probably he has peaceably ascended the throne.

### Germany.

The notice of the cessation of the armistice and of the blockade of Schleswig-Holstein ports has been officially published.

A correspondent at Berlin, however, on the 20th writes: "I heard that yesterday the Danish Envoy had an interview with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Von Arnim, in which he proposed to him the renewal of the Danish armistice for the three months.

—Austria has taken the most extraordinary and unlooked for step. The Diet of Kremsier, which was convoked by the late Emperor, and has occupied the few months of its existence in theatrical discussions, has been dismissed, after having promulgated a Constitution, not only for the countries represented at Kremsier, but for the whole Austrian Empire.

The great object which has been kept in view by the designers of this Constitution is, the making of all Austria into a free, independent, indivisible, indissoluble constitutional monarchy. With regard to the social and political regulations guaranteed under this Constitution, the liberality of their nature can hardly fail to excite surprise.

The press is not allowed to be put under censorship.

The complete equality and toleration of all religions, the independence of every church and sect in the management of its own property and affairs, the extension of education to all languages, and its prosecution as government work, are especially secured.

The Imperial Diet is to consist of two Houses, whose Constitution approaches nearer to that of the American Senate and House of Representatives, than the Legislative Assembly of any other State.

How this Constitution may work when reduced to practice must of course depend upon the people themselves, but it must be admitted that it places in their hands ample means of securing a name of political freedom scarcely inferior to that of any other country in the world.

The Hungarian war proceeds with unrelenting fury. The Magyars have adopted a guerrilla warfare, and Prince Windisgratz no longer taking the field, but remaining at Buda, showing that the war has only just commenced.

In fact, the King of Sardinia, in secret with Kossuth, trusts to the prolongation of the war in Hungary to reconquer the lost fields of Lombardy. King Albert, hemmed in between his own people, who urge him to war, and his enemies, the Austrians, has no alternative but to declare the armistice with Radetzky at an end, and during the last week we have been expecting daily hearing that he had done so.

### Italy.

Nothing has transpired in Paris of a positive nature as to the intentions of the French Government respecting the affairs of Italy; but it is believed that the principle of non-intervention will tor the present be adhered to. The French Government is, however, understood to have resolved to assist Charles Albert in the event of any aid being given to the Austrians by the Emperor of Russia, with a view to enable the former to finish the war rapidly in Hungary, and thus throw large reinforcements into Italy. This would be regarded as an intervention by Russia; and, according to the present intentions of the French Government, it would lead to an intervention by France. It appears certain that an expedition of 12,000 men is preparing at Toulon. This is positively announced by the Marseilles journals, and the movements of the troops are given. One of the chief objects of this expedition must be to serve the cause of the Pope; but it is not supposed that the intervention would be a direct one. It is reported in Paris that a portion of the troops composing this expedition will not be landed, but remain off the coast ready to land at Venice in the event of an intervention against the Austrians, and thus protect Venice, and make it a point at which reinforcements could be thrown in.

M. Mazzini was proclaimed member of the Roman Constituent Assembly on the 28th. On the same day that Assembly adopted the law on judicial organization which abolished all privileged jurisdictions, suppressed the ecclesiastical tribunals, and established at Rome a Court of Appeal and a Court of Cessation. The Assembly next voted, by acclamation a project of decree abolishing the holy office, and decided that a pillar should be erected on the site of the palace where it had been installed. In the sitting on the 1st inst. M. Sterbini announced that the Executive Government had made every preparation for the war which was about to take place with Austria, for a war there certainly would be, as the Government was determined not to wait until the Austrians received reinforcements.

It is thought that Mazzini will be proclaimed Dictator of Rome. The Romans are said to propose to themselves the siege of Ferrara.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs has published an address to the European Powers, justifying the proceedings of the Roman Republicans. It concludes as follows: "As long as the Pope showed himself the friend of Italian Independence, the Roman people stood by the Pope; but, when he deserted that cause, his temporal sovereignty was repudiated. It is well that Europe may have a standard whereby to measure the destiny with which the Roman Republic is threatened: a destiny which the men who guide it will meet without either presumption or fear, with the dignity of men who have devoted themselves to the weal of the land in which they were born, and who may ever say proudly and confidently to Europe: 'We have at least done one glorious act; we have destroyed the temporal dominion of the Pope.'"

The correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing from Rome on the 4th, says: "Every activity is displayed in the War Department; and, come what may, it will be no child's work to put down this Revolution. There are 13,000 men here with muskets in their hands; there are about 15,000 more armed men in Tuscany; and any intervention that takes place must not be under a force of 40,000 regular troops to be kept here for an indefinite period. Who's to pay?—all the coach-makers are employed in making artillery wagons. Nothing is heard but the

'Clank of hammers closing rivets up,'

as on the night before Bosworth battle."

### Northern Italy.

Official intelligence has at length been received that on the 19th the Sardinian Government intimated to Marshal Radetsky, at Milan, its intention to terminate the armistice, and that hostilities might be expected to recommence on the 21st. The intimation was conveyed to Marshal Radetsky in a document asserting that though the armistice is faithfully observed by the Sardinian army, the Austrians violated all its conditions; among other ways by not restoring the moiety of the artillery of Peschiera, by the military and political occupation of the Duchies, the blockade of Venice, and cruelties of all kinds exercised toward the people, in lieu of the protection which had been promised by the Imperial Government to life and property, &c. In consequence, the Government of Charles Albert declares that it is no longer bound by the armistice, and "denounces" it accordingly.

### Naples.

COMPROMISE WITH SICILY.—It is stated that the English and French Ministers have offered an ultimatum respecting the affairs of Sicily, and that this ultimatum has been accepted by the King. The conditions were understood to be the following: "Ferdinand II. to be King of the Two Sicilies, a general amnesty to be granted, except to 30 chiefs of the revolution, to whom passports would be given; the modified constitution of 1842; one army with the Sicilian contingent; an independent Parliament, finances, municipal authorities, and judicial order; a lieutenant, named by the King, either in the person of the prince of the blood or of Sicilian; the payment of four millions of contribution in arrear, and one million and a half of expenses of war.

The Sicilians were unfavourable to these propositions, but still preserved order. The English and French Admirals assured the Provisional Government that full time would be allowed them for deliberation.

### Russia.

The Emperor has issued a ukase to all the official departments, informing them, that in the year 1849 they are not to present any petitions whatever for an increase of salary or pecuniary assistance of any kind, because the country will require extraordinary pecuniary resources for the consolidation of the whole army. Whoever acts contrary to this ukase is to be subjected to severe punishment. This ukase is one of immense importance at this moment, for a prohibition of the kind has not been known in the memory of man, and clearly indicates that the Czar has very extensive projects for the carrying out of which he is reserving his finances. One of the most important tokens relative to measures about to be taken in the present position of the affairs of the North, is the fact, that a Russian squadron has already received orders to cruise in the East Sea.

The *Deutsche Zeitung* has news from Konigsberg, of the 11th instant, to the effect that the placing of the whole of the Russian army on the footing of war has been ordered by an imperial ukase of the 4th instant.

### India.

The Overland Mail from India brings news from Mooltan to February 4, Calcutta February 7, and Bombay February 13. Nothing of importance has been done since the surrender of Mooltan.

*NEWS FROM SANTE FE.*

### Particulars of the Disaster to Freemont's Party.

From the St. Louis Republican March 30.

One of our mercantile houses received by the last mail from the West, a letter from Mr. X. F. Aubry, (the *White Cloud* of the Indians,) dated at Santa Fe on the 5th ult.—In this letter, Mr. Aubry says; "Col. Fremont will be here in a few days. He lost all his mules (about one hundred in number,) in the mountains—several of his men, and, such was the extreme destitution to which they were reduced, that they were compelled to eat the remains of two or three of the men of the party! I saw him in Taos last week. He said that he never would go about the mountain in the winter season again; he was satisfied with trips of this kind—and so am I.

"An expedition left this place this morning for the Arkansas River, to take and bring in all the prisoners to be found with the Kiowa Indians. If the Indians refuse to comply with this request, the troops are ordered to make war upon them. The expedition consists of two companies of U. S. Dragoons, under command of Major Beale."

Mr. Aubry saved his goods, but lost, by the severity of the Winter, 75 mules, and had about the same number stolen from him by the Indians in the mountains.

### Still Later.

Mr. J. W. Folger arrived in this city yesterday from Santa Fe. In company with Captain St. Vrain and others, he left that town on the 24th of February, but as Captain St. Vrain had charge of the letters and papers, and shipped on another boat which has not arrived, we have not yet been able to avail ourselves of them. From Mr. Folger, however we gather the information which follows:

Colonel Fremont, of whose disastrous expedition we have already given an imperfect, and in some respects erroneous account, left Santa Fe on the 15th ult, on his way to California. Of the dreadful disaster which befel him in the mountains, we have this account. The published letters from Colonel Fremont and his friends left him ascending a mountain and within five or six miles of the summit. But this elevation he never reached. A storm came up, which forced him to retreat, and to seek shelter in the valley below. Here, it is said, the sn

# Poetry.

From "Margaret Smith's Journal."

KATHLEEN.

Oh, Norah! lay your basket down
And rest your weary hand,
And come and hear me sing a Song.
Of our Old Ireland.

There was a Lord of Galway,
A mighty Lord was he;
And he did wed a second Wife,
A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,
And soe in evil spite,
She baked the black Bread for his kin,
And fed her own with white.

She whipped the Maids, and starved the kern,
And drove away the poor,
"Ah, woe is me!" the old Lord said,
"I rue my bargain sore!"

This Lord he had a Daughter faire,
Beloved of old and young,
And nightly round the shealing fires
Of her the Gleeman sung.

"As sweet and good is young Kathleen
As Eve before her fall,"
So sang the Harper at the Fair,
So harped he in the Hall.

"Oh, come to me, my Daughter dear!
Come sit upon my knee,
For looking in your face Kathleen,
Your Mother's own I see!"

He smoothed and smoothed her Hair away,
He kissed her Forehead fair;
"It is my darling Mary's brow,
It is my darling's hair!"

Oh, then spake up the angry Dame,
"Get up, get up," quoth she,
"I'll sell ye over Ireland,
I'll sell ye o'er the sea!"

She clipped her glossy Hair away,
That none her rank might know;
She took away her Gown of silk,
And gave her one of tow.

And sent her down to Limerick town,
And to a Captain sold
This Daughter of an Irish Lord,
For ten good pounds in gold.

The Lord he smote upon his breast,
And tore his beard so grey;
But he was old, and she was young,
And so she had her way.

Safe that same night the Banshee howled,
To fright the evil Dame,
And fairy folks who loved Kathleen,
With funeral torches came.

She watched them dancing through the Trees,
And glimmering down the Hill;
They crept before the dead-vault Door,
And there they all stood still!

"Get up old Man! the wake-lights shine!"
"Ye murthering Witch," quoth he,
"So I'm rid of your tongue I little care
If they shine for you or me."

"Oh whoso brings my daughter back,
My gold and land shall have!"
Oh, then spake up his handsome Page,
"No gold or land I crave!

"But give to me your Daughter dear,
And by the Holy Tree,
Be she on Sea or on the Land,
I'll bring her back to thee."

"My Daughter is a lady born,
And you of low degree;
But she shall be your bride the day
You bring her back to me."

He sailed East, he sailed West,
And North and South sailed he.
Until he came to Boston town,
Across the great salt Sea.

"Oh have you seen the young Kathleen,
The flower of Ireland?
Ye'll know her by her eyes so blue,
And by her snow-white hand?"

Up spake an ancient man, "I know
The Maiden whom you mean;
I bought her of a Limerick man,
Ank she is called Kathleen."

"No skill hath she in household work,
Her hands are soft and white,
Yet well by loving looks and ways,
She doth her cost requite."

So up they walked through Boston town,
And met a maiden fair,
A little basket on her arm,
So snowy white and bare.

'Come hither, Child, and say hast thou
This young man ever seen?"
They wept within each other's arms,
The Page and young Kathleen.

"Oh give to me this darling child,
And take my purse of gold;"
"Nay, not by me," her Master said,
"Shall young Kathleen be sold."

We love her in the place of one
The Lord hath early ta'en;
But since her heart's in Ireland,
We give her back again!"

"Oh, for that same, the Saints in Heaven
For his poor soul shall pray,
And Holy Mother wash with tears
His heresies away"

Sure now they dwell in Ireland,
As you go up Claremore
Ye'll see their Castle looking down
The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old Lord's Wife is dead and gone,
And a happy man is he,
For he sits by his own Kathleen,
With her darling on his knee.

From the Glasgow Examiner and Times.

A SONG FOR MARCH.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

Burly March rushes in with a boisterous wing
Give him welcome though brawler he be.
He is here to announce that the beautiful Spring
Reappears on the forest and lea;
The blithe lark is aware, for his earliest song,
As he flutters the breeze-broken cloudlets among,—
Cometh down like melodious rain;
The thrush startles echo with jovial voice,
And a thousand glad throats that were made to rejoice,
Will soon tremble with music again.

Already the pastures are greening anew,
Waking life is astir in the woods,
The speedwell reopens its sweet eyes of blue,
And the hawthorn is speckled with buds;
Already the daisy, wherever it dare,—
The daisy, so English, so homely, yet fair.—
Looketh up with frank face to the sky;
In warm woodland hollows the violets unfold,
And their sun-loving sister with chalice of gold,
Hebe king-cup will come by-and-by.

There's a lull in the winds, let us out while we may,
To partake the first gifts of the prime;
How the lowliest thing that we pass by the way
Seems to feel the fresh touch of the time!
What a genial balm! what a spring-breathing smell
From the mosses that mantle the wild wood and well!
What a scent from the sward as we go!
What silence for thought in this solitude sleeps,
Scarcely broken by bird-notes that drop from the steeps,
Or the song of the brooklet below!

There is health for the ailing who *dare* to be glad
'Mid the broad fields of nature awhile;
There is hope for the doubtfulest soul that is sad,
For the heart-stricken mourner a smile;
There is beauty for poets, and pastime for clowns,
There is solace for workers that weary in towns,
Let them snatch the rare joys as they can;
There are charms for the senses, in holiest guise;
There are teachers the spirit may hear and grow wise;
There are spells for the moodiest man.

What a phrenzied and perilous year was the past!
With dismay and disaster how rife!
While anarch and horror swept fiercely and fast
Through the highways an byways of life!
Let us bow to the rod, though the loss we deplore,
Let us utter great vows to retrieve, to restore,
Under heaven's magnificent arch;
If for deeds that may win their acceptance above,
If for peace and progression, for justice and love,
Let our word of endeavour be "March!"

# Miscellany.

## EXPERIENCE OF A BARRISTER.

THE MARCH ASSIZES.

Something more than half a century ago, a person, in going along Holburn, might have seen, near the corner of one of the thoroughfares which diverge towards Russell Square, the respectable-looking shop of a glover and haberdasher named James Harvey, a man generally esteemed by his neighbours, and who was usually considered well to do in the world. Like many London tradesmen, Harvey was originally from the country. He had come up to town when a poor lad to push his fortune, and by dint of steadiness and civility, and a small property left him by a distant relation, he had been able to get into business on his own account, and to attain that most important element of success in London—a "connection." Shortly after setting up in the world he married a young woman from his native town, to whom he had been engaged ever since his school-days; and at the time our narrative commences he was the father of three children.

James Harvey's establishment was one of the best frequented of its class in the street. You could never pass without seeing customers going in or out. There was evidently not a little business going forward. But although to all appearance a flourishing concern, the proprietor of the establishment was surprised to find that he was continually pinched in his circumstances. No matter what was the amount of business transacted over the counter, he never got any richer.

At the period referred to, shopkeeping had not attained that degree of organization, with respect to counter-men and cashiers, which now distinguishes the great houses of trade. The primitive till was not yet superseded. This was the weak point in Harvey's arrangements; and not to make a needless number of words about it, the poor man was regularly robbed by a shopman, whose dexterity in pitching a guinea into the drawer, so as to make it jump, unseen, with a jerk, into his hand, was worthy of Herr Dobler, or any other master of the sublime art of jugglery.

Good-natured and unsuspicious, perhaps also not sufficiently vigilant, Harvey was long in discovering how he was pillaged. Cartwright, the name of the person who was preying on his employer, was not a young man. He was between forty and fifty years of age, and had been in various situations, where he had always given satisfaction, except on the score of being somewhat gay and somewhat irritable. Privately, he was a man of loose habits, and for years his extravagances had been paid for by property clandestinely abstracted from his too-confiding master.—Slow to believe in the reality of such wickedness, Mr. Harvey could with difficulty entertain the suspicions which began to dawn on his mind. At length all doubt was at an end. He detected Cartwright in the very act of carrying off goods to a considerable amount. The man was tried at the Old Bailey for the offence; but through a technical informality in the indictment, acquitted.

Unable to find employment, and with a character gone, the liberated thief became savage, revengeful, and desperate. Instead of imputing his fall to his own irregularities, he considered his late unfortunate employer as the cause of his ruin; and now he bent all the energies of his dark nature to destroy the reputation of the man whom he had betrayed and plundered. Of all the beings self-delivered to the rule of unscrupulous malignity, with whom it has been my fate to come professionally in contact, I never knew one so fiendish as this discomfitted pilferer. Frenzied with his imaginary wrongs, he formed the determination to labour, even if it were for years, to ruin his victim. Nothing short of death should divert him from this, the darling object of his existence.

Animated by these diabolical passions, Cartwright proceeded to his work. Harvey, he had too good reason to know, was in debt to persons who had made him advances; and by means of artfully-concocted anonymous letters, evidently written by some one conversant with the matters on which he wrote, he succeeded in alarming the haberdasher's creditors. The consequences were—demands of immediate payment, and, in spite of the debtor's explanations and promises, writs, heavy law expenses, ruinous sacrifices, and ultimate bankruptcy. It may seem almost too marvellous for belief, but the story of this terrible revenge and its consequences is no fiction.—Every incident in my narrative is true, and the whole may be found in hard outline in the records of the courts with which a few years ago I was familiar.

The humiliated and distressed feelings of Harvey and his family may be left to the imagination.—When he found himself a ruined man, I daresay his mental sufferings were sufficiently acute. Yet he did not sit down in despair. To reëstablish himself in business in England appeared hopeless; but America presented itself as a scene where industry might find a reward; and by the kindness of some friends, he was enabled to make preparations to emigrate with his wife and children. Towards the end of February he quitted London for one of the great seaports, where he was to embark for Boston. On arriving there with his family, Mr. Harvey took up his abode at a principal hotel. This, in a man of straitened means, was doubtless imprudent; but he afterwards attempted to explain the circumstance by saying, that as the ship in which he had engaged his passage was to sail on the day after his arrival, he had preferred incurring a slight additional expense rather than that his wife—who was now, with failing spirits, nursing an infant—should be exposed to coarse associations and personal discomfort. In the expectation, however, of being only one night in the hotel, Harvey was unfortunately disappointed. Ship-masters, especially those commanding emigrant vessels, were then, as now, habitual promise-breakers; and and although each succeeding sun was to light them on their way, it was fully a fortnight before the ship stood out to sea. By that time a second and more dire reverse had occurred in the fortunes of the luckless Harvey.

Cartwright, whose appetite for vengeance was but whetted by his first success, had never lost sight of the movements of his victim; and now he had followed him to the place of embarkation, with an eager but undefined purpose of working him some further and more deadly mischief. Stealthily he hovered about the house which sheltered the unconscious object of his malicious hate, plotting, as he afterwards confessed, the wildest schemes for satiating his revenge. Several times he made excuses for calling at the hotel, in the hope of observing the nature of the premises, taking care, however, to avoid being seen by Mr. Harvey or his family. A fortnight passed away, and the day of departure of the emigrants arrived without the slightest opportunity occurring for the gratification of his purposes. The ship was leaving her berth; most of the passengers were on board; Mrs. Harvey and the children, with nearly the whole of the luggage, were already safely in the vessel; Mr. Harvey only remained on shore to purchase some trifling article, and to settle his bill at the hotel on removing his last trunk. Cartwright had tracked him all day; he could not attack him in the street; and he finally followed him to the hotel, in order to wreak his vengeance on him in his private apartment, of the situation of which he had informed himself.

Harvey entered the hotel first, and before Cartwright came up, he had gone down a passage into the bar to settle the bill which he had incurred for the last two days. Not aware of this circumstance, Cartwright, in the bustle which prevailed, went up stairs to Mr. Harvey's bed-room and parlour, in neither of which, to his surprise, did he find the occupant; and he turned away discomfited. Passing along towards the chief staircase, he perceived a a room of which the door was open, and that on the table there lay a gold watch and appendages. Nobody was in the apartment; the gentleman who occupied it had only a few moments before gone to his bed-chamber for a brief space. Quick as lightning a diabolical thought flashed through the brain of the villain, who had been baffled in his original intentions. He recollected that he had seen a trunk in Harvey's room, and that the keys hung in the lock. An inconceivably short space of time served for him to seize the watch, to deposit it at the bottom of Harvey's trunk, and to quit the hotel by a back stair, which led by a short cut to the harbour. The whole transaction was done unperceived, and the wretch at least departed unnoticed.

Having finished his business at the bar, Mr. Harvey repaired to his room, locked his trunk, which, being of a small and handy size, he mounted on his shoulder, and proceeded to leave the house by the back stair in order to get as quickly as possible to the vessel. Little recked he of the interruption which was to be presented to his departure. He had got as far as the foot of the stair with his burden, when he was overtaken by a waiter, who declared that he was going to leave the house clandestinely without settling accounts. It is proper to mention that Mr. Harvey had incurred the enmity of this particular waiter in consequence of having, out of his slender resources, given him too small a gratuity on the occasion of paying a former bill, and not aware of the second bill being settled, the waiter was rather glad to have an opportunity of charging him with a fraudulent design. In vain Mr. Harvey remonstrated, saying he had paid everything. The waiter would not believe his statement, and detained him "till he should hear better about it."

"Let me go, fellow; I insist upon it," said Mr. Harvey, burning with indignation. "I am already too late."

"Not a step till I ask master if accounts are squared."

At this moment, while the altercation was at the hottest, a terrible ringing of bells was heard, and above stairs was a loud noise of voices, and of feet running to and fro. A chambermaid came hurriedly down the stair, exclaiming that some one had stolen a gold watch from No. 17, and that nobody ought to leave the house till it was found. The landlord also, moved by the hurricane which had been raised, made his appearance at the spot where Harvey was interrupted in his exit.

"What on earth is all this noise about, John?" inquired the landlord of the waiter.

"Why, sir, I thought it rather strange for any gentleman to leave the house by the back way, carrying his own portmanteau, and so I was making a little breeze about it, fearing he had not paid his bill, when all of a sudden Sally rushes down the stair and says as how No 17 has missed his gold watch, and that no one should quit the hotel."

No. 17, an old, dry-looking military gentleman, in a particularly high passion, now showed himself on the scene, uttering terrible threats of legal proceedings against the house for the loss he had sustained.

Harvey was stupified and indignant, yet he could hardly help smiling at the pother. "What," said he, 'have I to do with all this? I have paid for everything; I am surely entitled to go away if I like. Remember, that if I lose my passage to Boston, you shall answer for it."

"I very much regret detaining you, sir," replied the keeper of the hotel; "but you hear there has been a robbery committed within the last few minutes, and as it will be proper to search every one in the house, surely you, who are on the point of departure, will have no objections to be searched first, and then be at liberty to go?"

There was something so perfectly reasonable in all this, that Harvey stepped into an adjoining parlour, and threw open his trunk for inspection, never doubting that his innocence would be immediately manifest.

The waiter, whose mean rapacity had been the cause of the detention, acted as examiner. He pulled one article after another out of the trunk, and at length—horror of horrors!—held up the missing watch with a look of triumph and scorn!

"Who put that there?" cried Harvey in an agony of mind which can be better imagined than described. "Who has done me this grievous wrong? I know nothing as to how the watch came into my trunk."

No one answered this appeal. All present stood for a moment in gloomy silence.

"Sir," said the landlord to Harvey on recovering from his surprise, "I am sorry for you. For the sake of a miserable trible, you have brought ruin and disgrace on yourself. This is a matter which concerns the honour of my house, and cannot stop here. However much it is against my feelings, you must go before a magistrate."

"By all means," added No. 17, with the importance of an injured man. "A pretty thing that one's watch is not safe in a house like this!"

"John, send Boots for a constable," said the landlord.

Harvey sat with his head leaning on his hand. A deadly cold perspiration trickled down his brow. His heart swelled and beat as if it would burst.—What should he do? His whole prospects were in an instant blighted. "Oh God! do not desert a frail and unhappy being: give me strength to face this new and terrible misfortune," was a prayer he internally uttered. A little revived, he started to his feet, and addressing himself to the landlord, he said, "Take me to a magistrate instantly, and let us have this diabolical plot unravelled. I court inquiry into my character and conduct."

"It is no use saying any more about it," answered the landlord; "here is Boots and a constable, and let us all go away together to the nearest magistrate. Boots carry that trunk. John and Sally, you can follow us."

And so the party, trunk and all, under the constable as conductor, adjourned to the house of a magistrate in an adjacent street. There the matter seemed so clear a case of felony—robbery in a dwelling-house—that Harvey, all protestations to the contrary, was fully committed for trial at the ensuing March assizes, then but a few days distant.

At the period at which these incidents occurred, I was a young man going on my first circuits. I had not as yet been honoured with perhaps more than three or four briefs, and these only in cases so slightly productive of fees, that I was compelled to study economy in my excursions. Instead of taking up my residence at an inn when visiting ——, a considerable seaport where the court held its sittings, I dwelt in lodgings kept by a widow lady, where, at a small expense, I could enjoy perfect quietness, free from interruption.

On the evening after my arrival on the March circuit of the year 17—, I was sitting in my lodgings perusing a new work on criminal jurisprudence, when the landlady, after tapping at the door, entered my room.

"I am sorry to trouble you, sir," said she; "but a lady has called to see you about a very distressing law case—very distressing indeed, and a very strange case it is too. Only, if you could be so good as to see her?"

"Who is she?"

"All I know about it is this: she is a Mrs. Harvey. She and her husband and children were to sail yesterday for Boston. All were on board except the husband; and he, on leaving the large hotel over the way, was taken up for a robbery. Word was in the evening sent by the prisoner to his wife to come on shore with all her children and the luggage; and so she came back in the pilot boat, and was in such a state of distress, that my brother, who is on the preventive service, and saw her land, took pity on her, and had her and her children and things taken to a lodging on the quay. As my brother knows that we have a London lawyer staying here, he has advised the poor woman to come and consult you about the case."

"Well, I'll see what can be done. Please desire the lady to step in."

A lady was shortly shown in. She had been pretty, and was so still, but anxiety was pictured in her pale countenance. Her dress was plain, but not inelegant; and altogether she had a neat and engaging appearance.

"Be so good as to sit down," said I, bowing; "and tell me all you would like to say."

The poor woman burst into tears; but afterwards recovering herself, she told me pretty nearly the whole of her history and that of her husband.

Lawyers have occasion to see so much duplicity, that I did not all at once give assent to the idea of Harvey being innocent of the crime of which he stood charged.

"There is something perfectly inexplicable in the case," I observed, "and it would require sifting. Your husband, I hope, has always born a good character?"

"Perfectly so. He was no doubt unfortunate in business; but he got his certificate on the first examination; and there are many who would testify to his uprightness." And here again my client broke into tears, as if overwhelmed with her recollections and prospects.

"I think I recollect Mr. Harveys shop," said I, soothingly. "It seemed a very respectable concern; and we must see what can be done. Keep up your spirits; the only fear I have arises from the fact of Judge A—— being on the bench. He is usually considered severe, and if exculpatory evidence fail, your husband may run the risk of being—transported." A word of more terrific import, with which I was about to conclude, stuck unuttered in my throat. "Have you employed an attorney?" I added.

"No; I have done nothing as yet, but apply to you, to beg of you to be my husband's counsel."

"Well, that must be looked to. I shall speak to a local agent to prepare and work out the case; and we shall all do our utmost to get an acquittal. To-morrow I will call on your husband in prison."

Many thanks were offered by the unfortunate lady, and she withdrew.

I am not going to inflict on the reader a detailed account of this remarkable trial, which turned, as barristers would say, on a beautiful point of circumstantial evidence. Along with the attorney a sharp enough person in his way, I examined various parties at the hotel, and made myself acquainted with the nature of the premises. The more we investigated, however, the more dark and mysterious—always supposing Harvey's innocence—did the whole case appear. There was not one redeeming trait in the affair, except Harvey's previous good character; and good character, by the law of England, goes for nothing in opposition to facts proved to the satisfaction of a jury. It was likewise most unfortunate that A—— was to be the presiding judge. This man possessed great forensic acquirements, and was of spotless private character; but, like the majority of lawyers, of that day—when it was no extraordinary thing to hang twenty men in a morning at Newgate—he was a stanch stickler for the gallows as the only effectual reformer and safeguard of the social state. At this time he was but partially recovered from a long and severe indisposition, and the traces of recent suffering were discinctly apparent on his pale and passionless features.

Harvey was arraigned in due form; the evidence was carefully gone through; and everything, so far as I was concerned, was done that man could do But at the time to which I refer, counsel was not allowed to address the court on behalf of the prisoner—a practice since introduced from Scotland—and consequently I was allowed no opportunity to draw the attention of the jury to the local want of any direct evidence of the prisioner's guilt. Harvey himself tried to point out the unlikelihood of his being guilty; but he was not a man gifted with dialectic qualities, and his harangue fell pointless on the understandings of the twelve common-place individuals who sat in the jury-box. The judge finally proceeded to sum the evidence, and this he did emphatically *against* the prisoner—dwelling with much force on the suspicious circumstance of a needy man taking up his abode at an expensive hotel; his furtive descent from his apartments by the back stairs; the undoubted fact of the watch being found in his trunk; the improbability of any one putting it there but himself; and the extreme likelihood that the robbery was effected in a few moments of time by the culprit, just as he passed from the bar of the hotel to the room which he had occupied. "If," said he to the jury, in concluding his address, "you can, after all these circumstances, believe the prisoner to be innocent of the crime laid to his charge, it is more than I can do. The thing seems to me as clear as the sun at noonday. The evidence, in short, is irresistible; and if the just and necessary provisions of the law are not enforced in such very plain cases, then society will be dissolved, and security for property there will be none. Gentlemen, retire and make up your verdict."

The jury were not disposed to retire. After communing a few minutes together, one of them stood up and delivered the verdict; it was *Guilty!* The judge assumed the crowning badge of the judicial potentate—the black cap; and the clerk of arraigns asked the prisoner at the bar, in the usual form, if he had anything to urge why sentence of death should not be passed upon him.

Poor Harvey! I durst scarcely look at him. As the sonorous words fell on his ear, he was grasping furiously with shaking hands at the front of the dock. He appeared stunned, bewildered, as a man but half awakened from a hideous dream might be supposed to look. He had comprehended, though he had scarcely heard, the verdict; for on the instant, the voice which but a few years before sang to him by the brook side, was ringing through his brain, and he could recognise the little pattering feet of his children, as, sobbing and clinging to their shrieking mother's dress, she and they were hurried out of court. The clerk, after a painful pause, repeated the solemn formula. By a strong effort the doomed man mastered his agitation; his pale countenance lighted up with indignant fire, and firm and self-possessed, he thus replied to the fearful interrogatory:—

"Much could I say in the name, not of mercy, but of justice, why the sentence about to be passed on me should not be pronounced; but nothing, alas! that will avail me with you pride-blinded ministers of death. You fashion to yourselves—out of your own vain conceits do you fashion—modes and instruments, by the aid of which you fondly imagine to invest yourselves with attributes which belong only to Omnipotence; and now I warn you—and it is a voice from the tomb, in whose shadow I already stand, which addresses you—that you are about to commit a most cruel and deliberate murder."

He paused, and the jury looked into each other's eyes for the courage they could not find in their own hearts. The voice of conscience spoke, but was only for a few moments audible. The suggestions that what grave parliaments, learned judges, and all classes of "respectability" sanctioned, could not be wrong, much less murderous or cruel, silenced the "still, small" tones, and tranquilised the startled jurors.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, with his cold, calm voice of destiny, "I cannot listen to such observations; you have been found guilty of a heinous offence by a jury of your countrymen after a patient trial. With that finding I need scarcely say I entirely agree. I am as satisfied of your guilt as if I had seen you commit the act with my own bodily eyes. The circumstance of your being a person who, from habits and education, should have been above committing so base a crime, only aggravates your guilt. However, no matter who or what you have been, you must expiate your offence on the scaffold. The law has very properly, for the safety of society, decreed the punishment of death for such crimes; our only and plain duty is to execute that law."

The prisoner did not reply; he was leaning with his elbows on the front of the dock, his bowed face covered with his outspread hands; and the judge passed sentence of death in the accustomed form. The court then rose, and a turnkey placed his hand upon the prisoner's arm to lead him away. Suddenly he uncovered his face, drew himself up to his full height—he was a remarkably tall man—and glared fiercely round upon the audience, like a wild animal at bay. "My lord," he cried, or rather shouted, in an excited voice. The judge motioned impatiently to the jailor, and strong hands impelled the prisoner from the front of the dock. Bursting from them, he again sprang forward, and his arms outstretched, whilst his glittering eye seemed, to hold the judge spell-bound, exclaimed, "My lord, before another month has passed away, *you* will appear at the bar of another world, to answer for the life, the innocent life, which God bestowed upon me, but which you have impiously cast away as a thing of naught and scorn!" He ceased, and was at once borne off. The court, in some confusion, hastily departed. It was thought at the time that the judge's evidently failing health had suggested the prophecy to the prisoner. It only excited a few days' wonder, and was forgotten.

The position of a barrister in such circumstances is always painful. I need hardly say that my own feelings were of a very distressing kind. Conscious that if the unfortunate man really was guilty, he was at least not deserving of capital punishment, I exerted myself to procure a reprieve. In the first place I waited privately on the judge; but he would listen to no proposal for a respite. Along with a number of individuals—chiefly of the society of Friends—I petitioned the crown for a commutation of the sentence. But being unaccompanied with a recommendation from the judge, the prayer of our petition was of course disregarded: the law, it was said, must take its course. How much cruelty has been exercised under shelter of that remorseless expression!

I would willingly pass over the succeeding events. Unable to save his life, I endeavoured to soothe the few remaining hours of the doomed convict, and frequently visited him in the condemned cell. The more I saw of him, the deeper grew my sympathy in his case, which was that of no vulgar felon. "I have been a most unfortunate man," said he one day to me. "A destiny towards ruin in fortune and in life has pursued men. I feel as if deserted by God and man; yet I know, or at least would persuade myself, that Heaven will one day vindicate my innocence of this foul charge. To think of being hanged like a dog for a crime at which my soul revolts! Great is the crime of those imbecile jurors and that false and hard-hearted judge, who thus, by an irreversible decree, consign a fellow-mortal to a death of violence and disgrace. Oh God, help me—help me to sustain that bitter, bitter hour!" And then the poor man would throw himself on his bed and weep.

But the parting with his wife and children. What pen can describe that terrible interview! They knelt in prayer, their wo-begone countenances suffused in tears, and with hands clasped convulsively together. The scene was too harrowing and sacred for the eye of a stranger. I rushed from the cell, and buried myself in my lodgings, whence I did not remove till all was over. Next day, James Harvey, a victim of circumstantial evidence, and of a barbarous criminal code, perished on the scaffold.

Three weeks afterwards, the court arrived at a populous city in the west of England. It had in the interval visited another assize town, and there Judge A—— had left three for execution. At the trials of these men, however, I had not attended. So shocked had been my feelings with the mournful event which had taken place at ——, that I had gone into Wales for the sake of change of scene. After roaming about for a fortnight amidst the wild solitudes of Caërnarvonshire, I took the stage for the city which I knew the court was to visit, and arrived on the day previous to the opening of the assizes.

"Well, are we to have a heavy calendar?" I inquired next morning of a brother barrister on entering the court.

"Rather light for a March assize," replied the impatient counsel as he bustled onward. "There's Cartwright's case—highway robbery—in which I am for the prosecution. He'll swing for it, and perhaps four or five others."

"A good hanging judge is A ——," said the under-sheriff, who at this moment joined us, rubbing his hands, as if pleased with the prospect of a few executions. "No chance of the prophecy yonder coming to pass I suppose?"

"Not in the least," replied the bustling counsel. "He never looked better. His illness has gone completely off. And this day's work will brighten him up."

Cartwright's trial came on. I had never seen the man before, and was not aware that this was the same person whom Harvey had incidentally told me he had discharged for theft; the truth being, that till the last moment of his existence, that unfortunate man had not known how much he had been a sacrifice to this wretch's malice.

The crime of which the villain now stood accused was that of robbing a farmer of the paltry sum of eight shillings, in the neighbourhood of Ilfracombe. He pleaded not guilty, but put in no defence. A verdict was recorded against him, and in due form A—— sentenced him to be hanged. An expression of fiendish malignancy gleamed over the haggard features of the felon as he asked leave to address a few words to the court. It was granted.—Leaning forward, and raising his heavy scowling eyes to the judge he thus began: "There is something on my mind, my lord—a dreadful crime—which, as I am to die for the eight shillings I took from the farmer, I may as well confess. You may remember Harvey, my lord, whom you hanged the other day at——?"

"What of him, fellow?" replied the judge, his features suddenly flushing crimson.

"Why, my Lord, only this—that he was as innocent of the crime for which you hanged him as the child yet unborn! *I* did the deed! *I* put the watch in his trunk!" And to the unutterable horror of the entire court, he related the whole particulars of the transaction, the origin of his grudge against Harvey, and his delight on bringing him to the gallows.

"Inhuman, execrable villian!" gasped the judge in extreme excitement.

"Cleverly done though! Was it not, my lord!" rejoined the ruffian with bitter irony. "The evidence, you know, was irresistible; the crime as clear as the sun at noonday: and if, in such plain cases, the *just* and necessary law was not enforced, society would be dissolved, and there would be no security for property! These were your words, I think. How on that occasion I admired your lordship's judgment and eloquence! Society would be dissolved if an innocent man were not hanged!—Ha!—ha!—ha! Capital!—capital!" shouted the ferocious felon with demoniac glee, as he marked the effect of his words on the countenance of the judge.

"Remove the prisoner!" cried the sheriff. An officer was about to do so; but the judge motioned him to desist. His lordship's features worked convulsively. He seemed striving to speak, but the words would not come.

"I supposed, my lord," continued Cartwright in low and hissing tones as the shadow of unutterable despair grew and settled on his face—"I suppose you know that his wife destroyed herself.—The coroner's jury said she had fallen accidentally into the water. *I* know better. She drowned herself under the agonies of a broken heart! I saw her corpse, with the dead baby in its arms; and then I felt, knew, that I was lost! Lost, doomed to everlasting perdition! But, my lord,"—and here the wretch broke into a howl wild and terrific—"we shall go down together—down to where your deserts are known. A—h—h! that pinches you, does it? Hound of a judge! legal murderer! coward! I spurn and spit upon thee!" The rest of the appalling objurgation was inarticulate, as the monster, foaming and sputtering, was dragged by an officer from the dock.

Judge A——had fallen forwards on his face, fainting and speechless with the violence of his emotions. The black cap had dropped from his brow. His hands were stretched out across the bench, and various members of the bar rushed to his assistance. The court broke up in frightful commotion.

Two days afterwards the county paper had the following announcement:—

"Died at the Royal Hotel,——, on the 27th instant, Judge A——, from an access of fever supervening upon a disorder from which he had imperfectly recovered."

The prophecy was fulfilled!—*Chamber's Journal.*

## GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

THE DUCHESS DE BERRI'S HIDING-PLACE.—Exactly opposite to the *château*, the birthplace of the Duchess Anne, and the scene of her nuptials with Louis XII. and now the prison of Nantes, in a lanky house in the Rue de Château, is the room containing the stove behind which the Duchess de Berri hid herself with three of her friends, while the gendarmes were roasting her outside. This room will, doubtless, by-and-by, become an object of much morbid interest to occasional travellers, as the dismal country house of M. Lafarge, or the court-house of Tulle. However poorly we may think of the heroics of the duchess in affairs of State, we cannot refuse to acknowledge that she exhibited an extraordinary spirit of endurance during the seventeen hours she was confined in this narrow space, without food or drink, in an upright posture, so cramped in room as to be unable to stir hand or foot, and suffering inconceivable agony from the heat. The transaction is certainly not exempt from a mixture of the ridiculous, considering the hopelessness of her claims upon the throne, and the melodramatic extravagance, and strange want of dignity she displayed throughout her proceedings. But it is impossible to contemplate the excruciating torture she underwent on this occasion, without feeling some sympathy for her sufferings, notwithstanding that she threw herself in the way of them with a recklessness which will sadly interfere with her historical reputation. The open fire-place, behind which she was incarcerated, is built in the corner of an extremely small tiled room at the top of the house, the *cachette* forming the angle at the back, and being, as may be supposed, of very limited dimensions. Whether the recess was left there by design or accident is not known; but it was probably intended for some such use as that to which it was thus applied. It is scarcely wide enough for a man to stand up in with any degree of ease, and the access to it, through a low iron plate, resembling the door of an oven, is so difficult as to seem impassible even for a child. How any man of the ordinary height and size could have squeezed himself through, can be understood only by a very full appreciation of the perils of the moment. Yet into this *cachette* the Duchess de Berri, accompanied by her friends, contrived to force a passage. When the whole party had succeeded in getting into this retreat, and in getting themselves shut in by some friendly hand it is quite certain that, once having taken up their positions, they could not alter them, whatever pain or inconvenience they may have undergone. The interior is sufficiently lofty, narrowing as it ascends, and two or three bricks broken out by the prisoners, immediately under the slates, sufficed to give them air, when the smoke from the chimney, rolling down in gusty volumes, threatened to suffocate them.—Had it not been for the heat, which at last scorched their dresses almost to flames, they might have exhausted the patience of the gendarmes, or at all events, have remained long enough to enable their friends to contrive some escape for them on the roofs of the adjoining houses, which, from the position of the garret, would have been easily accomplished.—The poor duchess, however, blackened and blistered all over, was unable to hold out, and, as all the world knows, kicked at the iron-door till she was liberated from her hiding-place, and seized by the soldiers. She was immediately conveyed, without noise or parade, just as she was, across the street into the *château*, where she was lodged for the night, and then sent off the next morning to securer quarters.—*Bentley's Miscellany for March.*

LITERARY LABOURS OF CALVIN.—It is impossible to look without wonder at the literary labours of the reformers, Calvin, Melancthon, and Luther. None of them was far advanced in years, but each had written remarkable and masterly volumes; and amid what cares, distractions, and struggles! All three were employed as academical instructors; two of them as ministers and preachers. Luther brought up seven children, and Calvin had to contend with the most distressing bodily suffering. Calvin's whole life was spirit; the bodily element was greatly subdued in him. But notwithstanding the shortnesss of his life, he lived more than many whose course is long, since he lost no time in useless sleep, of which, like other extraordinary men, he required but little. When the day had been wholly occupied in business, the quiet hours of the night remained to him, and, allowing himself a brief repose he would continue his labours. In his later years, his spirit was not in the least degree troubled or weakened, as was the case with Luther in the last weary years of his life. Calvin's weak bodily element was at last almost consumed by the inward fire of his soul. To form some idea of his activity, let us look at the letter which he wrote to Farel from Strasburgh:—"I remember no day in this whole year in which I have been so pressed with such a variety of occupations. When the messenger was prepared to take the beginning of my work with this letter, I had about twenty leaves to look through I had then to lecture and preach, to write four letters, make peace between some persons who had quarrelled with each other, and answer more than ten people who came to me for advice. Forgive me, therefore, if I write only briefly of things."—In addition to his literary employments, he had, in Geneva, the customary engagements of which we have spoken,—the business of the court of morals or the consistory, that arising from the assembly of the clergy, and his connection with the congregation. Three days in the week he lectured on theological subjects, and every alternate week he preached daily. His excellent memory was a great help to him in all these labours. It is reported that he never forgot anything which pertained to his office, however much disturbed on all sides, or oppressed with applications. When writing a work, he could suspend the labour, devote some hours to the duties of his office, and then resumed the thread of his discourse, without being obliged to read over what he had written. An enemy to long speeches and useless words he had, by the help of his lively genius, which was sharpened by study and the habit of dictation, acquired the habit of giving quick, brief, conclusive, and dignified answers, and of speaking, generally, not much otherwise than he wrote.—*Life and Times of John Calvin.*

IRISH PREJUDICE.—The opposition to the Irish Rate in Aid Bill is not to be wondered at. Unless it had been proposed to levy the rate on England, every one might have foreseen that the Irish would be displeased at any rate.—*Punch.*

THE SAXON AT HOME AND IN HIS CITY.—The Saxon is the true Cosmopolite; lives in a separate house; refuses to be obliged to anybody; seeks no aid, is himself for himself; all-confident. He cannot be made to believe that there exists on the earth any set of men stronger, better, wiser, richer, handsomer, than himself; and, although "he cannot make a statue," yet with him is Trafalgar square beautiful, and the view from the steps of the thing called "the National Gallery," (a disgrace to the country,) was declared by Britain's Prime Minister, "the noblest site in Europe!" Alas! admirers of fatted pigs, unwieldy oxen, and Chinese pagodas—shrewd and sensible men; accumulative race! leave the adorning of the world to other races, and carry out your own destinies.—Dr. Knox (*Medical Times*).

ARE YOU THE VIRGIN?—The other day one R. P. a Jesuit, was travelling through a wild district toward Mons. He was overtaken by a peasant and his wife, on their way to that city, and they entered into conversation, the peasants speaking in the most vulgar patois.—One of them asked the priest of what place he was the curé. "I am not a curé," was the quiet reply. "You are then a vicaire?"—"No, I am one of the Company of Jesus."—The woman regarded the Jesuit with amazement. "You!" she exclaimed; "You of the company of Jesus! Are you then the Virgin?" It was now the priest's turn to be astonished. "You must know," he said, "that I am not the holy Virgin."—"Then," rejoined she, "you are St. Joseph?"—"Fie!" said the good father, "St. Joseph is in heaven." "Well," continued the woman, "then there's only the ass left of the company of Jesus." She was thinking of the flight into Egypt. [We (*Jerrold's News*) have translated this statement from *Sancho* a French paper. Travellers represent such ignorance as common among those peasants.]

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY.—Mr. Alfred Smee, the Surgeon to the Bank of England, and inventor of the battery which bears his name, has announced important discoveries in animal electricity. By a test which he terms electro-voltaic, he has satisfied himself that the terminations of the sensor nerves are positive poles of a voltaic circuit, while the muscular substance is the negative pole. The sensor nerves are the telegraphs which carry the sensation to the brain, and the motor nerves carry back the volition to the muscles. The brain he infers to consist of five distinct voltaic circles, which upon theoretical grounds he believes to be sufficient to account for all mental phenomena.—Mr. Smee has succeeded in making artificial electric fish, and artificial muscular substance. The bare announcement of such a discovery must put the whole medical world upon the alert, and in their hands for the present we leave it. Should Mr. Smee's views be confirmed by other investigators, he will establish an imperishable name in the records of physiological science.—*London